





LETTER
FROM
THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY
TO
AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS, ESQ.
DESCRIPTIVE OF THE
ESTATICA OF CALDARO
AND
THE ADDOLORATA OF CAPRIANA.

BEING A
SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED;
TO WHICH IS ADDED THE RELATION OF THREE
SUCCESSIVE VISITS TO THE
ESTATICA OF MONTE SANSAVINO,
IN MAY 1842.

“ It is honourable to reveal and confess the works of God.”

TOBIAS XII. 7.

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NOTICE TO THE READER.

So many doubts having been expressed, both publicly and privately, as to my being the real author of writings which have appeared under my name, I deem it right thus publicly to protest against all such imputations. All that I have published I have myself written, and entirely at my own suggestion, nor have I ever shewn the manuscript to any one with a view to its correction, nor has any one even proposed to me the propriety of such correction. Fully sensible of the many imperfections, both in matter and manner, which characterize my productions, I earnestly request that the responsibility of them may not be ascribed to any one but to him to whom it solely and entirely belongs.

When I wrote the first part of this publication, I had not a single work to refer to save one number of the *Université Catholique*, and a small German Pamphlet: I therefore trust that the additions made to it in its present form, will give it additional interest, and render it less incomplete.

S.

A LETTER,

ETC.

Munich, May 27, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU have doubtlessly heard of the Estatica of Caldaro, and of the Addolorata of Capriana. We have lately seen both: and considering them the most extraordinary objects in existence, and confident that you will feel the same intense interest in their regard that we did, I will endeavour, as leisure and opportunity shall serve, to give you a more distinct notion of them than you have probably yet formed.

On Thursday, the 20th of May, being Ascension day, we left Neumarkt, a post station about half way between Trent and Botzen, in those light but incommodious carriages which alone are to be procured in those parts of the country, and after travelling for about two hours along an exceedingly rough road, through a wide and smiling valley, we ascended to the large, substantial village of Caldaro. Having brought letters from the bishop of Trent to the clergymen of the place, we were very shortly introduced into the house and into the chamber of

the Estatica, accompanied by her confessor and the assistant priest of the dean. It was about eleven o'clock. We found her in her usual state of ecstasy, as represented in the annexed print,* kneeling upon her bed, with her eyes uplifted, and her hands joined in the attitude of prayer, as motionless as a statue. She was dressed in white, with her head uncovered, but with very long, flowing, black hair ; and there was much of elegance in her figure, and grace in her attitude. Our first feeling was that of awe at finding ourselves in the presence of so favoured a creature. When this had partially subsided, we might have mistaken her for a waxen image : for it appeared impossible that any being possessed of a soul could seem so inanimate—could remain so motionless ; still a closer inspection soon proved that that soul was at work. When in this state, she neither sees nor hears : all her senses are absorbed in the object of her contemplation ; she is entranced—but it is neither the trance of death, nor the suspension of life, but a sort of supernatural existence—dead indeed to this world, but most feelingly alive to the other ; one might fancy that the spirit were dwelling in heaven, while the body (without, however, losing its consciousness) remained expecting its return. After contemplating her in this condition for some minutes, she closed her eyelids, but

* The plates being much worn, it has not been thought necessary to renew them.

without any other, even the slightest, movement, and certainly without the least perception of our presence. She might have remained in this state and posture for several hours, had not her confessor, by a slight touch or a word, we could not exactly say which, so quiet and imperceptible it was, caused her to fall back upon her pillow, which she did with the most perfect ease, placing herself in a sitting posture, with her legs extended under the counterpane, without the slightest effort, and without awaking from her ecstacy, remaining with her eyes shut and her hands joined as before, in the attitude of prayer, her lips motionless, and her soul transfixed in the same profound meditation. After again contemplating her for a few moments in this new position, her confessor proposed to us that he should awaken her entirely from her trance. We had no sooner assented, than he addressed her in a mild, gentle tone, as did the assistant priest from the other side of the bed, which was placed with its head against the centre of one side of the room, we standing close at her feet,—when, in an instant, she was restored to the most perfect animation. She let fall her hands and opened her eyes, while her countenance beamed with a most heavenly, benignant smile, full of gratitude and joy, looking first to one side, then to the other, as if it were the unexpected meeting of friends whom she had not seen for years. She then took the hand of her confessor

and kissed it with the most unaffected devotion, and turning with equal kindness to the assistant, paid him the same mark of affectionate respect. Her consciousness of our presence was merely signified by an occasional glance of the eyes, which otherwise were kept modestly cast down upon her hands. These she was continually covering with the ruffles of her sleeves, which were wide and ample, for the express purpose of hiding the stigmata with which they were marked. Both the confessor and assistant said a few words to her at short intervals, which appeared to give her great pleasure, and to which she ever assented by an inclination of the head, with that same placid, benign, and heavenly smile, which had stamped the moment of her awakening with an inexpressible charm. Amongst other things, the assistant said to her, "Maria, this is an easy life;" to which she replied, "Yes," with a manner indicative of the serenity of her mind. This was said in Italian, which we understood, while the rest was spoken in German, which we understood not. We all agreed it was the sweetest scene we ever beheld. It was, however, soon and abruptly terminated; for one of our party happening incautiously to ask the confessor, in her hearing, whether she were marked with the stigmata, she instantly changed countenance, as if she had heard that which should make her sorrowful, and without any perceptible transition, became again transfixed in ecstasy, with her

hands, as before, joined over her breast in the attitude of prayer. Her confessor then told us that she had the stigmata on her hands, feet, and side, and that they occasionally emitted blood,—a statement which was afterwards confirmed by the assistant, who remarked that he could only vouch for the wound in the side by the assertion of the women who had dressed her, but the others he had seen with his own eyes.

After allowing her to remain for a few minutes in this second ecstasy, her confessor again brought her to herself by speaking gently to her, and she once more awoke with the same angelic countenance. The assistant then asked her to present us each with a small print of some religious subject, of which he took a box-full out of a drawer, and handed them to her for the purpose. She selected them one by one, presenting them to us with great complacency and affability; and it was upon this occasion that we distinctly observed the stigmata on her hands, though marked only by a red spot, perhaps a quarter of an inch in diameter. Only a few minutes more had elapsed, when she again became absorbed in ecstatic contemplation, and not wishing to trouble her or her attendants any longer, we reluctantly took our leave, inexpressibly delighted, interested, and edified by our visit to this singularly-favoured child of heaven. Her ecstasy aside, the circumstance which struck us as the most extraordinary, was the extreme facility

with which her confessor transformed her from a state of perfect unconsciousness as to sensible objects, to one of ordinary life. Though we all entered the room at once, accompanied by her confessor and the assistant, and all conversed together, yet, though her eyes were wide open, she was most certainly wholly ignorant of our presence, and would probably have remained so for several hours. Her confessor had found her in that same state and posture at half-past six in the morning,—though he then put her out of it,—in which we found her at eleven. It is indeed become so entirely her ordinary condition, that every day she is frequently in ecstasy, and even passes much of the night in ecstatic contemplation. She has been known to remain thirty-six hours together in the state and position in which we first saw her, and on Sunday it generally happens that she is raised off her knees, resting only on the tips of her feet, as if enjoying a nearer prospect of heaven, and participating in the glorious mystery of that auspicious day. Yet, with all this, it requires no effort, no noise, hardly any ostensible agency, to break the spell; a gentle touch or whisper from her confessor, or any ecclesiastic with whom she is acquainted, is sufficient to dissolve the charm completely and at once.*

* Görres, as will be seen later, signifies this to be the result of her vow of obedience, taken upon entering the third order of St. Francis.

On the day following, being Friday, she was visited by one of our party, who found her in the state of ecstasy usual to her on that day,—following our Saviour in all the stages of his Passion,—so feelingly alive to all his sufferings, that each fresh accession of sorrow could be distinctly traced in her countenance,—till, frequently convulsed with grief, the lower part of her face became almost black, and the accumulation of misery was such, that she threw herself back upon her pillow in a paroxysm of woe, with her arms outstretched, as if she herself were nailed to the cross, but without in any degree reviving from her ecstasy. He left her in that condition, and was informed that she usually remained so from one to two hours. The room was crowded with people, all being freely admitted, and all deeply moved by this miraculous manifestation of the power of God. Neither is it one of the least wonderful circumstances attending this extraordinary person, that her delicate frame has been subjected to a regular succession of these violent shocks, at least once a week, during the long period of eight or nine years, without any sensible diminution of her strength, or the slightest inroad upon her nervous system.

The Rev. Mr. Swarbrick, who passed the last winter at Rome, visited her during the previous summer for several days consecutively, remaining for hours together in the room. On the first

Sunday of every month, the Blessed Sacrament is carried in procession through the street, and passes under her window : Mr. S. was in her room upon that occasion, and though she was in ecstasy during the whole of the procession, still she constantly marked the progress of the Blessed Sacrament through the town, by turning towards it, as the needle turns to the pole : when it came under her windows, the priest stopped and gave her the benediction, upon which he saw her instantaneously lifted off the bed, resting only on the very points of her feet ! When the Blessed Sacrament moved on, she resumed her former position.

Prince Licknowsky, whom we met here the other day, told us that he also visited her in October 1839. While kneeling in ecstasy on her bed, to his great surprise, he observed her moving round towards the window. Neither he nor any of those present knew what it meant, till, looking out, they saw the viaticum passing on its way to the sick, without bell, or chaunting, or any sound that could indicate its presence.*

* This instinctive though supernatural perception of the presence of the blessed sacrament has been remarked of many holy persons. Görres, in his work entitled *Christliche Mystick*, notices the circumstance, and thus prefaces his enumeration of the few cases which he cites.

. . . . "In reference to the holiest of all holy things (the sacrament of Communion), we find that those saints who succeeded in raising themselves to the higher regions of spiritual existence, were all endowed with the faculty

Maria Mörl, for that is her name, is of an ancient and respectable family, possessing the means of decent subsistence within their own sphere of

of discovering the presence of the holy sacrament at a considerable distance, and even when hidden from the sight.

“ Ida von Löwen (at the consecration of the host) always became aware of the presence of our Lord, at the precise moment when the change took place: and Coleta (though kneeling at a distance from the altar) discovered one day instinctively that a mistake had been made, and water used instead of wine, owing to which no change could take place in the elements.

“ The Cistercian nun Juliana always knew when the sacrament was removed from St. Martin’s church at the close of the service, and her countenance immediately became overcast. This circumstance was frequently witnessed by her friend Eva.*

“ When the Franciscans of Villonda invited the holy Carmelite, Cassetus, to visit them, they concealed the blessed sacrament, for the purpose of putting his spiritual perceptions to the test; and leaving the ordinary tabernacle empty, they placed it in a corner where there was no light, still allowing the lamp to burn in the usual place.

“ On entering the church, the companion of Cassetus turned towards the high altar, but Cassetus immediately pointed out the spot where the blessed sacrament had been placed, saying,—‘ the body of our Lord is there, and not where the lamp is burning; the brothers whom you see behind the grating have placed it there to try us.’†

“ St. Francis Borgia possessed the same faculty, and on entering a church always walked straight up to the spot where the blessed sacrament was kept, even when no external sign announced its presence.”‡

* From her Life, cap. 22, A. S. 5 April.

† Pintius de Ven. Hieronym. Casseto Carmelitano.

‡ Rho. liii. cap. 1, note 3, de S. Fr. Borgia.

life, and remarkable for their innocence and piety. One of her brothers is a Capuchin friar at Bruniken, and a sister is an Ursuline nun at Clagenfurth. Another of her sisters, about fourteen years of age, came to her bedside while we were there, and it was beautiful to observe the great kindness and affection which Maria evinced towards her. Indeed, an innate benignity of disposition seems to govern all her actions, while they are ever adorned by an unaffected grace and simplicity. She is kept extremely clean ; and the whole room is a pattern of neatness, and, as it were, the emblem of innocence. It is furnished with many pious pictures, several of them the gift of visitors, and a large crucifix hangs against the wall at the head of her bed, which is without curtains. The windows are double, and between one was a tame rabbit and a dove, and in the other some small singing-birds ; and on a table near her were a few apples, for she takes nothing but a little raw fruit and bread, never touching food that has been cooked, nor drinking anything but water ; yet, though very pale, she has no appearance of emaciation. Within about six feet of her bed is an altar, at which mass is celebrated at least twice a-week.

Having met Lord and Lady Dormer at Aix-la-Chapelle, who had also been to gratify their pious curiosity at Caldaro, and learning that the Rev. Dr. Weedall, who was travelling with their son,—and whom you have equally with me the pleasure

of knowing and esteeming,—had likewise visited Maria Mörl, I requested the favour of his observations in writing ; and since, as he himself remarks, every minute particular is precious in this extraordinary case, I cannot refrain from transcribing the result of his interview, so obligingly and so interestingly given, in his own words.

“ *Brussels, Feast of St. Barnabas, 1841.*

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I have just now received from Lady Dormer an intimation of your Lordship’s wish to have some account of my visit to Maria Mörl, the saintly virgin of Caldaro, under an impression, as it seems to me, that I am able to attest some facts which did not fall under your own observation. Your Lordship, however, having had the advantage over me, both in point of time and opportunity, I can scarcely presume that I was privileged to see more than what you witnessed during your interesting visit. It may be satisfactory, notwithstanding, to exchange notes on the subject, as every minute particular is interesting in this extraordinary case, and has a tendency to rouse the faith and to warm the piety of the devout Catholic.

“ When I first visited Maria Mörl, I was accompanied by a Madame Chasser, who appears to have known her intimately from the first commencement of her supernatural favours, and to whom I had carried a letter of introduction from Rome.

The Padre Capistrano had not then arrived. Maria Mörl was on her knees on the bed in her usual position. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be suffering intensely, as if from spasmodic affections of the throat. Yet there was something about her statue-like form that impressed me with awe and veneration. I involuntarily fell on my knees, as if to join my unworthy prayers with her seraphic ecstasies; but Madame Chasser intimated to me that such an act was not recommended, and would distress that holy and humble soul. I rose, therefore, and gazed upon her in thoughtful admiration. After remaining in fixed astonishment for about a quarter of an hour, we thought it right to retire till her confessor arrived. We then entered a second time, with that saintly man. Maria was still motionless in prayer, but her face exhibited great suffering. Her confessor then quietly approached her, spoke a few words to her, and instantly she subsided into a consciousness of what was passing about her, sunk softly like a shadow upon her pillow, and smiled, and shared, in dumb language, in all the conversation which took place upon religion and religious subjects. She seemed interested in what was passing, gave us some little pictures as memorials or admonitions to piety, and after the space of about half an hour she appeared suddenly summoned away by Him who has so long engrossed her heart and her entire senses, and she glided upwards again by some inexplicable move-

ment, in which limbs and muscle seemed to have no share, and she was on her knees again in her usual position, and all her soul absorbed in God. I never shall forget the scene, God grant that the impression may be as salutary as lasting!

“Of Domenica Lazzari, I will say nothing. Your Lordship and Lady Shrewsbury were, I understand, amply rewarded, as you deserved to be. For, from my experience of the road, I can estimate the intrepidity and zealous heroism of Lady S. in undertaking it. And as you had the good fortune to pay your visit on a Friday, you will have much that is edifying to communicate when you shall have the kindness to make it, and I may have the opportunity to hear it.

“I have understood that Maria Mörl is likely soon to go into a convent.* I mention this because you have an intention of repeating your visit. When again you go to Caldaro, I would recommend you to make the acquaintance of Madame Chasser. She lives in one of the best houses in Caldaro, commanding a view of the beautiful valley

* We also heard that she was likely to go into a convent, but at the same time we were informed that she was not to be secluded from the visits of strangers.

When M. de la Bouillerie visited her on his way to Rome, whither he was going to receive ordination, he found her kneeling in a state of ecstasy, when he saw a fly walk quietly across the pupil of her eye when wide open, without producing the slightest sensation upon her.

Her father is since dead, and she is reported to have been removed into a convent.

below. From her you may learn many interesting particulars. She told me that she had seen Maria Mörl raised up in the air so far at least as only to touch the bed with the very extremities of the feet. I was not privileged to see that, but the very manner in which she kneels seems an unearthly position.

“I beg to subscribe myself your Lordship’s

“Obedient, humble Servant,

“HENRY WEEDALL.”

What we have found her in 1841, Görres had found her in 1834. His account of this singular person is so interesting, and his testimony so strong, that I cannot do justice to the subject, nor fill up all the particulars of her history, without giving you some extracts from his narrative, published in his work on Mysticism, but which I have taken from a French translation in No. 60 of the *Université Catholique*.

“She was born, he informs us, on the 16th of October 1812. Her mind gave promise of happy dispositions, although without presenting any very remarkable presages: nor did her imagination indicate any excessive sensibility, and she did nothing to excite or produce it: then, as at a later period, she read little: but she was intelligent and clever, full of benign benevolence, especially to the poor, and fervent in the exercise of prayer, to which she often gave herself up in the church of

the Franciscans, in the neighbourhood of her father's house."

He then relates various attacks of illness through which she passed during her early years, borne always with the most exemplary patience, and ever ending in increased piety and devotion, and in a still more frequent approach to the sacraments, notwithstanding her other avocations; for her mother being dead, the affairs of the family fell principally upon her. When, in 1832, she had attained her twentieth year, she evinced the first symptoms of ecstasy, falling into that state each time that she received the Holy Communion. But it suddenly took a more decided character, on the festival of Corpus Christi of that year, as is thus related by Görres: "As her confessor was aware that she always after communion remained six or eight hours, sometimes longer, in a state of ecstasy, he thought it expedient that she should receive it early, in order to be at rest the remainder of the day. Accordingly, he carried the Blessed Sacrament to her at three o'clock in the morning, after which she fell immediately into a state of ecstasy. Her confessor left her; and being much occupied that day and the next morning, he did not return to her till three o'clock on the afternoon of the following day, when he found her kneeling in the exact position in which he had left her thirty-six hours before. In great surprise he questioned the people of the house, and learnt

from them that her ecstasy had continued uninterrupted during the whole of this time. He perceived from this, how deeply the ecstatic state had penetrated her whole being, since it was already a state of second nature to her ; and that it must in future be her habitual condition, unless he should bring it within limits by recalling her to herself: he therefore undertook to regulate this state by virtue of that holy obedience which she had vowed upon entering the third order of St. Francis."

When this singular prodigy came to be known, the interest which it excited amongst a pious and religious people was prodigious. "All at once," continues Görres, "and in all directions at once, a general impulse seized the people. They came in crowds to see with their own eyes a phenomenon, which, although well known from ancient legends, had long ceased to be hoped for or expected in these days. Whole parishes, forming into processions, continued without intermission to arrive at Caldaro, preceded by the banner of the cross, and the concourse was immense. From the end of July until the 15th of September in the same year, more than 40,000 persons of all ranks came to behold the ecstatic." The government, however, took alarm at such assemblages of people, and put a stop to them. Upon which the bishop of Trent went in person to Caldaro, and instituted an inquiry upon oath into all the circumstances of the case, to prevent the possibility of deception or

illusion. Shortly afterwards the stigmata made their appearance, and is thus also related by Görres.

“So early as the Autumn of the year 1833, her confessor observed accidentally that the part of the hands where the wounds afterwards appeared began to sink in, as if under the pressure of some external body, and also that they became painful and frequently attacked by cramps. He conjectured from these appearances that the stigmata would eventually appear, and the result fulfilled his expectations. On the Purification, the 2nd of February, 1834, he found her holding a cloth, with which from time to time she wiped her hands, frightened like a child at what she there saw. Perceiving blood upon the cloth, he asked her what it meant? She replied, that she did not know herself; that she must have hurt herself so as to draw blood. But, in fact, these were the stigmata which thenceforward continued upon her hands, and shortly afterwards made their appearance upon her feet, and to these, at the same time, was added the wound upon the heart. The manner in which her confessor, Father Capistran, deals with her is so simple, so far from aiming at the marvellous, that he did not even inquire what had passed within her to give occasion to these wonderful appearances. They are nearly round, but a little extended lengthwise, from three to four lines in diameter, and are permanent both on the hands and the feet. Drops of clear blood frequently flow

from them on Thursday evenings and Fridays ; on other days they seem covered with a sort of crust of dry blood, without the least appearance of inflammation, ulceration, or any vestige of lymph.

“She concealed this circumstance, as she concealed in general whatever could reveal the state of her interior. But in 1833, during the passage of a solemn procession, ecstasy of jubilation appeared in her ; she was seized by it in the presence of several witnesses, who beheld her, like a glorious angel, scarcely touching the bed with the points of her feet, splendid as a rose, her arms extended in the form of a cross, plunged in the joys of love. All present could then see the stigmata upon her hands, and the miracle could no longer be kept secret. . . . Her only nourishment consists in a few grapes or other fruit, or a little bread, taken when pressed by want, or at the command of her confessor. . . . The first time that I went to see her, I found her in the position in which she passes the greater part of the day, kneeling on the foot of her bed, and in ecstasy ; her hands were folded on her breast, and thus displayed the stigmata ; her face was rather elevated and turned towards the church, while her eyes, which were raised towards heaven, expressed a concentration of soul so profound, as to be proof against the influence of all external objects. There was no perceptible movement in her frame, except that of breathing, or of deglu-

tion. Occasionally there was a slight oscillation. It was a spectacle which could only be compared to that of angels in prayer before the throne of God. It cannot be astonishing that it should produce the strongest impression upon all who witness it: indeed the hardest hearts cannot resist it, and piety, wonder, and joy have caused rivers of tears to flow around her. It is asserted by the directors of her conscience, and by her curate, that in her ecstasies during the last four years she has been employed in contemplating the life and passion of Christ, and in honouring the holy sacrament. . . . The most frequent object of her contemplation is the passion of the Redeemer; this produces the deepest impression upon her, and is most vividly expressed upon her exterior. Particularly during the holy week, her whole being seems penetrated, and the images reflected in her soul act forcibly upon her whole frame. It is not, however, during this week alone that she is lost in the contemplation of this mystery; it occupies her every Friday, and thus offers a frequent opportunity for observing its effects. . . . The action begins early in the morning; at first its progress is gentle and regular, but as it becomes more painful and overpowering, its representation assumes a deeper and more clearly defined character in all its circumstances; and when at length the hour of dissolution arrives, and anguish has penetrated the very depths of her soul, the image of death is depicted on every

feature. She is upon her knees on the bed, her hands crossed on her breast; around her reigns a perfect silence, which the breathless anxiety of those present fears to break: you would then suppose, that for her the sun of life was setting. . . . She is very pale during the whole action, but towards its close this paleness increases. . . . The sighs which only escape from her with a struggle, show that the oppression is becoming stronger; large drops gather on her fixed eyes, and steal slowly down her cheeks, the mouth opens more and more by slight and gradual movements. Her sighs now change into a moaning that wrings the heart; a flush of deep red suffuses her cheeks,—the swollen tongue seems glued to her parched palate,—convulsions become more violent and more intense,—the hands, which at first were sinking by degrees, now drop more rapidly,—the nails turn blue,—the fingers entwine convulsively,—the rattle of death is heard in her throat; still, at long intervals, a few sighs seem to burst from the organs that death has stiffened. The last is about to escape! then the head declines, and, already bearing all the signs of death, droops in complete exhaustion; she is no longer to be recognized for what she so lately was. This scene continues for about two minutes. The head is then drawn up, the hands rise towards the breast, the face resumes its outline and its tranquillity. She is kneeling, her eyes raised to heaven, occu-

pied in offering to God the homage of her gratitude. Such is the tragedy which she is weekly destined to perform ; and though essentially the same, there is ever some slight variation, which seems to express the state of her interior life ; for there is nothing studied in it ; it arises naturally from the depths of her very nature, as water flows from its source in the rock. It is impossible to perceive anything false, forced, or exaggerated, in the whole of this representation : were she to die in reality, she could not die otherwise.

“ However completely she may be absorbed in her contemplations, a single word from her confessor, or from any other person spiritually connected with her, is sufficient to recall her to herself, without its being possible to observe the transition. It takes but the necessary time to recollect herself and open her eyes, and she is as if her ecstasy had never existed ; the expression of her face changes ; you might fancy her a sweet child who had retained her candour and simplicity. Accordingly, the first thing she does when she recovers and sees herself surrounded by witnesses, is to conceal the stigmata on her hands under the coverlet, as a child who has spotted its sleeves with ink would try to hide them on the approach of its mother. . . Her hazel eye expresses the joy and the guilelessness of childhood ; and her look is so open that you seem able to penetrate the very depths of her soul, and to convince yourself that there exists

no fraud in its most remote recesses. There is in her no trace of exaggeration, hypocrisy, weak sentimentalism, affectation, or pride : it is the simple expression of youth, whose serene candour has been preserved by simplicity and innocence. . . . She can continue longer in a natural state, when once restored to it, if in the society of her friends ; but it is obviously by a strong effort of the will, for the ecstatic state has now become so completely her own, that every other appears forced and artificial. In the midst of conversation, when she would seem to take the liveliest interest in what was going on around her, suddenly her eyes grow heavy, and in a second she is in an ecstasy. . . .

“ It must not, however, be supposed that she so abandons herself to contemplation and exercises of piety, as to neglect the cares of her family ; from her bed she regulates the whole house, of which she formerly divided the management with a sister, of whom death has deprived her. Some years ago, the intervention of some charitable persons procured for her a small pension, and as she wants nothing for herself, she spends this income upon the education of her brothers and sisters, whom she has placed in different institutions, according to their dispositions. Every day, towards two o'clock in the afternoon, she occupies herself with her affairs. Her confessor recalls her to herself, and she converses with him upon the various difficulties she experiences ; she regulates everything,

thinks of everything, provides for the wants of those in whom she takes an interest, and possesses so much practical good sense, that everything around her is in the best order."

In estimating the value of this evidence (and, after all, he is only one amongst many), we should remember that Görres is a man of the highest moral as well as literary reputation. His first publications were on medicine, and his last on mysticism, while the intermediate space has been divided between politics, general history, and natural philosophy; so that no man was more capable of judging with a just and severe discrimination,—none less likely to deceive, or to be deceived.*

* Görres thus concludes his account of Maria Mörl:—"Such is the history of Maria Mörl, who has in our days been chosen to feed the holy lamp which burneth in the sanctuary, that its light may never be quenched, and that the chain of evidence which winds through ages past may remain unbroken. Such an atmosphere of truth surrounds her, that all who approach her feel implicit confidence, and dream of no deception; and hence the immense impression which her quiet virtues and touching history have produced upon the people."

Another of her biographers thus notices, in greater detail, her earlier years:—"Maria von Mörl received a good education from her pious and sensible mother; she was an obedient child from her infancy, and always shared everything she possessed with her school companions: this kind-hearted generosity increased with her years, and showed itself more particularly towards the poor. The soul of all her actions was an ardent love of God, which evinced itself in the pleasure she found in prayer, and her

We now come to the Addolorata.—If you have felt Maria Mörl to be an object of surpassing interest, I think you will soon acknowledge that Domenica Lazzari is one of surpassing wonder.

Yes ! ye who are, or who profess to be, the disciples of a crucified God, and who desire to con-

unremitting visits to the Franciscan church in the neighbourhood of her home. Her bodily sufferings began in her fifth year, and she was often on the brink of the grave. None of the remedies resorted to could restore or even ameliorate her health : the root of the disorder remained undiscovered, and she became in consequence still more pious, meditative, and constant in prayer. Her mother died in 1827, leaving nine children, the youngest of whom was only ten days old. She wept unceasingly for three years over her mother's loss, but shared with her father the heavy cares of the family, and performed all her duties with energy, alacrity, and cheerfulness. In her eighteenth year she again fell seriously ill, and when, after a whole year's severe suffering, she inquired of the doctor if it were quite impossible for her to recover her health, and he answered that he could only engage to alleviate her sufferings, she replied that in that case she preferred receiving with submission all the sufferings it pleased God to send her, and should consequently do for the future without medical advice. She stedfastly adhered to this resolution, which spared her father an expense his fortune could little bear, and she endured with heroic patience her unparalleled sufferings, which continued for some years, till her state of ecstasy became a second nature, and in a great measure relieved her from them,—they having been so suitable a preparation for it."

None of the family of Maria Mörl, or of Domenica Lazari, will on any account receive any largesses that may be offered them by strangers in any shape whatever.

template perhaps the most striking supernatural personification of the sufferings of your Redeemer, which, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, the Almighty has yet vouchsafed to manifest upon earth, transport yourselves, at least in spirit, to the lonely village of Capriana among the mountains of the Tyrol ; for there Providence has exhibited this prodigy in the person of a poor miller's daughter, and there hundreds, perhaps thousands, like ourselves, have seen her. They whose faith is incomplete, may there learn to perfect it ; and they whose belief is already stedfast, may know where to strengthen and confirm it.

I address myself to those who, like you, obedient to the recommendation of Christ, are willing to believe though they do not see,—and who are assured with St. Paul, that faith is the evidence of things that are not seen,—because *they* will as readily believe the testimony of credible witnesses, of whom I could cite numbers, as if they had beheld with their own eyes. To those who reject with the coldness of incredulity, at once and without inquiry, or deny with the proud disdain of the philosopher, I shall say nothing. But they who only mistrust and doubt, and cry out with St. Thomas, “ Lord ! unless I see I will never believe it,” I shall be content that they suspend their judgment till the opportunity arrive in which they may see as we have seen, and be edified and instructed as we have been ; for I know the conse-

quence to be certain, though it is a result and a gratification which can only be purchased with trouble, like many of the choicest gifts and graces of God, which lie hidden in the recesses of his bounty, and which can only be found when they are sought.* For this wondrous object is neither in the crowded city, nor in the beaten track,—but rather in Nazareth than in Jerusalem,—more familiar to the shepherd than to the monarch,—more in a state of concealment than of public manifestation. It is among the lonely mountains of the Tyrol, amongst almost inaccessible fastnesses,—where Providence seems to delight to guard (as in the deserts of old), within his own solemn and mysterious sanctuary the innocence

* “ Now Thomas, who is called the twin—one of the twelve, was not with them when Jesus came.

“ Wherefore the other disciples said to him, ‘ We have seen the Lord.’ But he replied, ‘ Unless I see in his hands the impression of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into his side, I will never believe it.’

“ Jesus saith to him : ‘ Thou hast believed, Thomas, because thou hast seen me. Happy they, who, though they see not, yet believe.’—St. John xx.

“ And they came and related it to the rest : but they gave not credit even to them.

“ At last he appeared to the eleven themselves, as they lay at table : and upbraided them with their unbelief and perverseness, in not believing those who had seen him after his resurrection.”—St. Mark xvi. “ New Version of the Four Gospels, with Notes, by a Catholic.” Dolman, 61, New Bond Street.

of virtue, together with the purest and most exalted faith,—that we are now to seek for some of the most chosen servants of God, and to be edified and humbled by the brightest examples of piety.

Leaving the highway also at Neumarkt, we ascended for some ten or twelve miles along a rough, though tolerable mountain road, in those same incommodious carriages which had conveyed us to Caldaro. The scenery was at once lively, picturesque, and grand, commanding a fine view of Caldaro, looking down upon the valley of the Adige, and then leaving it to traverse a wild and lonely pass among the mountain tops, till a descent of some four or five miles brought us, after about five hours and a half of journeying, to the large and populous village of Cavalese. Here it became necessary to mount on horseback, for the purpose of ascending by a very long, narrow, and rugged way to the lonely hamlet of Capriana, situated near the extremity of one of those solitary, but beautiful and romantic glens so common to Alpine countries. Every circumstance was in keeping with the mournful spectacle we were to witness at the termination of our pilgrimage. The rude, wild, and desolate scene,—the lowering aspect of the sky,—the steep, rocky declivities of the mountains, darkened with gloomy forests of fir, numbers of which, almost the only produce of this inhospitable clime, were floating down a deep impe-

tuous torrent which foamed its way beneath us,—the great length (some ten or twelve miles), the difficulty and apparent danger of the road,—the many mountain shrubs covered with their blossoms, and an immense variety of Alpine flowers, which ever charmed us by the beauty of their form, and enlivened our course by the brilliancy of their colours, many of them blooming with the most lovely luxuriance upon the very edge of the precipice, or on the most arid rock,—all conspired to present to our imaginations a lively picture of the toilsome, dangerous, yet seductive paths of life, to turn our thoughts to the ways and the works of God, and to rivet our attention on the object of our search ;—till on a sudden turn of the narrow valley, still gaining in wild and picturesque effect as we advanced, and now magnificently closed by a splendid alp in the long and vapoury distance, we descried through the thick wood which surrounded us, and at no great interval, seated upon an elevated knoll upon the mountain-side, and not far below the regions of perpetual snow, the small and humble village in which, for the fulfilment of his own inscrutable designs, it has pleased Him “ who woundeth and healeth,”*

* “ See ye that I alone am, and there is no other God besides me : I will kill, and I will make to live : *I will strike, and I will heal*, and there is none that can deliver out of my hand.”—Deut. xxxii. 39.

“ Blessed is the man whom God correcteth : refuse not,

to place this singular phenomenon.* The feelings which our previous reflections had inspired were but heightened as the approach became still more difficult, and the scene still more savage in its aspect; and it was under these impressions, after a laborious ride of three hours and a half, that we entered the rustic hamlet to which we had been so long wending our way.†

Having also brought letters from the bishop of Trent to the pastor of the place, we readily gained admittance to the chamber of the Addolorata, as she is styled, and there found her with the stigmata in a state of the most painful reality, and

therefore, the chastising of the Lord. *For he woundeth, and healeth: he striketh, and his hand shall heal.*—Job v. 17, 18.

* “Questo è il vero paese degli orsi,” was the exclamation of the clergyman.

† Though, as the bird flies, the interval between Caldaro and Capriana does not appear to exceed four miles, yet were we obliged to travel full forty to pass from the one to the other. There is a short mountain path or rough rocky track from Neumarkt to Capriana, which a good active walker may accomplish in about three hours. Parts of it may be done on a mule; but they who have been over it declare it to be impracticable for ladies. The inn at Cavalese is by no means bad, and affords sufficient accommodation for a considerable party. We slept there on our return from Capriana, it being too late to think of returning to Neumarkt, though we were only three hours and a half in doing so the next morning. The best approach to Caldaro is by a good carriage road from Botzen, which is said to be easily done in two hours and a half.

perhaps more distinctly marked than they have ever yet been known in any human being. It was at about a quarter after three on Friday the 21st of May. She was as usual laying on her back in bed, though comparatively free from suffering. The crown of thorns was as regularly and as distinctly marked across her forehead by a number of small punctures, as if they had been pricked with a large pin, and the wounds appeared quite fresh, though no blood was flowing from them. Beneath was a regular interval of about a quarter of an inch, also perfectly free from blood, so as to give the punctures, which represented the wounds from the crown of thorns, the most perfect possible degree of distinctness. Below this line, her forehead, eyelids, nose, and cheeks, were entirely covered with blood, leaving only the upper lip and the whole of the lower jaw free from it. It had flowed in the morning, and was then dry. Her hands were firmly clasped over her chest, as of one in a state of considerable pain, and her whole frame was convulsed with a short, quick, tremulous motion. The blood was still oozing perceptibly from the wounds in the back of her hands, though the blood and serum which had flowed from them did not extend above two, or at most three, inches. Her fingers were so firmly clasped, that, to judge from appearances, she had not the power to loose them; but on the clergyman who accompanied us asking her to let us see

the inside of her hands, she immediately opened them from underneath, without unclasping her fingers, as a shell opens upon its hinges, so that we distinctly saw the wounds, and the blood and serum quite fresh, and flowing down over the wrist. At our request, he also asked the mother to uncover her feet, which she did, though with some small reluctance, when we found them in the same condition as the hands, with however this singular and surprising difference, that instead of taking its natural course, the blood flowed upwards over the toes, as it would do were she suspended on the cross. We had already heard of this extraordinary deviation from the laws of nature, and were now happy to have an opportunity of verifying it in person.

Understanding that she sometimes gave small prints of pious subjects to her visitors, we asked for some through the clergyman, who took them out of a drawer, and at our earnest request gave them to her to kiss before we received them from her. She took them between her forefinger and thumb, one after another as presented to her, without unclasping her hands, kissed them with great apparent fervour, and returned them to us. She said a few words to the priest, but did not speak to us, though by the intelligent expression of her countenance it was clear that she understood all that was said. She often moved her lips as if in prayer. She sometimes smiled, and her

whole demeanour impressed us with the idea of a person of the most mild and amiable disposition. We solicited her prayers, to which she signified her assent, and then took our leave with feelings of reverential awe inspired by the presence of so supernatural a spectacle, and of gratitude to the Almighty for permitting us to witness so striking an evidence of the truth of his holy religion, and so singular a manifestation of his power.

One of our party had visited her on the previous day, and found the blood only dotted over her face in large dry drops, though sufficiently thick. In other respects she was nearly as we had seen her.

A German physician, whom we met on our return, and who was come into the neighbourhood expressly for the purpose of studying her case, assured us that he had seen her face perfectly free from blood, with the exception of a few drops on the forehead, just as she is represented in the accompanying print, which is copied from one sold at Capriana. These changes are the more remarkable because the face is never washed, she not being able to bear the use of water, either hot or cold, yet the blood disappears entirely, leaving the skin quite clean, and her countenance, as he expressed it, sometimes quite beautiful. He also testified to the singular circumstance of the sheets never being stained, not even from her feet, which are habitually covered with them, and from which the blood very frequently flows. To this we ourselves

bore witness when her feet were shown to us. The same is to be observed of the wound in her side, which of course is not shown to strangers, but which has been fully certified to exist. The blood flows frequently during the week, but much more copiously on the Friday, beginning about three in the morning, and ending generally about ten or twelve. There was a strong smell of coagulated blood in the room, though the window is wide open both night and day, winter and summer. This seems to be necessary to abate the fever of her sufferings, and in hot weather she finds considerable alleviation from being fanned. Indeed she may be truly said to subsist upon air, for on the fifteenth of August next, it will be eight years complete since she eat, drank, or slept ! receiving nothing but the blessed sacrament during the whole of that period, and this alone has ever proved any sensible relief to her in her sufferings.

Domenica Lazari, says her biographer, was born at Capriani in 1816. Her parents were the proprietors of a mill and a small field, which afforded a sufficient maintenance to a family of five children, of whom she was the youngest and the mother's favourite, having been born to her in her fifty-first year. In common with most of the peculiar favourites of heaven, Domenica gave early indications of extraordinary piety. She was frequently found praying in the most secluded parts of the house, and surpassed all her school companions in her

edifying demeanour, and in her knowledge of the catechism. She received her first communion at the usual age of twelve with singular devotion, though she had expressed an ardent desire to do so at a still earlier period. She was ever a pattern of virtue in the village, yet without allowing her piety to interfere with her other duties, for she worked at the mill with exemplary assiduity till about the age of seventeen, when she was attacked with violent and complicated illness.

It was by suffering that mankind were redeemed, and that the conquest was achieved over sin and death. The last and crowning scene of the sufferings of Christ, the crucifixion, was preceded remotely by a painful and laborious mission of three years, and immediately by a course of the most abject humiliations, and the most cruel torments. So was Domenica prepared for the wonders that were to be wrought in her, by long and most excruciating maladies; wonders which had an immediate reference to the passion of Christ, and which were intended, by the woeful spectacle they present to us, to impress upon our minds a deeper sense of the heinousness of sin, and of the sad price paid to redeem us from its penalties.

Her sufferings were so great that her screams were often heard to a great distance; still her patience was inexhaustible, and her resignation so perfect, that, in the midst of her torments, she continually expressed her gratitude and her love

to God, and her sense of his mercy and goodness to her. The holy communion alone relieved her, after which she frequently lay entranced for a considerable time.

It was under these circumstances that, during one night, her whole head was encircled by small wounds, fifty-three in number, which opened and bled profusely every Friday. Fourteen days after the crown of thorns, she received the stigmata in the hands and feet, and the wound in the side.*

* Görres merely notices Domenica Lazari thus:—"The case of Domenica Lazari of Capriana, in the Tyrol, is also a wonderful one; but I abstain from entering upon it, as I have never seen her, and possess no means of obtaining authentic information about her." He cites, however, nearly forty well-established cases of persons marked with the stigmata.

Amongst the many wonders attending Domenica Lazari, it cannot fail to be remarked, that though she takes no nourishment, yet she is able to furnish and support a constant and copious discharge of pure and healthy blood from her wounds.

Which is more easy to the Almighty, thus miraculously to imprint upon her the sacred wounds of the crucifixion, or to enable her to sustain life without food? "Which is the more easy," said our Saviour to the Scribes, "to say to the paralytic, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee,' or to say, 'Rise, take up thy couch, and walk thy way'? But to the end ye may know that the Son of Man hath the power of forgiving sins upon earth, he saith to the paralytic, 'I say to thee, rise, take up thy couch, and go to thy home.' And immediately he rose, and taking up his couch, went away in the presence of them all, so that all were in amazement,

I think I have now sufficiently dilated upon these extraordinary cases to give you a tolerably distinct idea of them. Without any doubt, in the eye of a Christian, they are the two most interesting objects now in existence. The good they have already done is great,—the conversion of many reprobates, and the edification of thousands. None have ever yet visited them without returning better than they went ; nor have any ever doubted for an instant of the truth of that which they appear to be, for all idea of imposture is at once driven from the mind by the awful and palpable reality of what they behold. A pious fraud so ably conducted would be a greater miracle than those which we see before us. If they who have not seen them should presume to advance such a supposition, in face of the testimony of all who have, let them explain to us by what exquisite jugglery, or for what object, so perfect a piece of deception

and glorified God in these words, ‘Never did we see the like!’” (St. Mark ii. et seq.)

Let us also be seized with awe, and give glory to God with the people of Capharnaum, and with the multitude who witnessed the resuscitation of the widow’s son, exclaiming with them, “God hath visited his people!” (St. Luke vii.)

It may also be instructive to us upon the present occasion to remember the reply of our Saviour to his disciples, when they asked him, “Rabbi, was it this man or his parents who sinned, that he was born blind?” Jesus answered, “Neither did he sin, nor his parents. It was, that the works of God might be shown forth in him.” (St. John ix. 2, 3.)

could have been carried on with such unremitting success, for so many years, under such trying circumstances. It is both morally and physically impossible.*

It was too long and too solemnly asserted amongst us, nay, it was even said to have become an integral maxim in the constitution of the country, that the sacrifice of the Mass was “damnable and

* In reply to my subsequent inquiries, the Rev. Dr. Weedall sent me the following short account of his visit to Domenica Lazari:—“When I visited her, which was on Wednesday the 19th of May (two days only before your Lordship), about four o’clock in the afternoon, she was lying, as usual, in bed. Her hands were crossed on her breast. She seemed to be in a state of great suffering, as if from some spasmodic affection of the throat, which prevented her from swallowing her saliva. She intimated indeed to me, by a sign of assent to my question, that she was so suffering, but accompanied the sign with a look of heavenly resignation, and a movement of the lips as if in prayer. The stigmas on the back of the hands were large and clearly defined. I do not recollect to have seen the palms of the hands, and I dared not ask to see the feet. The wounds on the forehead were deeply punctured in two rows. The face appeared thickly spotted with blood, particularly on the forehead, and down the temples, and the upper part of the cheeks. The spots appeared dry, and resembled the wounds left by leeches. Unfortunately, my little companion (Lord Dormer’s eldest boy), grew so faint that I was obliged to take him out of the room; and my attention being thus divided, I could not give all that examination to the case which its own interest and my awakened curiosity suggested. I therefore commended myself generally and specially to her prayers, and retired deeply impressed and edified with what I had seen.”

idolatrous”;*—and it still is too ostentatiously affirmed by men who have sometime taken the lead in forming and governing the religious opinions of others, that this great propitiatory offering is but “a blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit”;† and that the doctrine of Transubstantiation is to be rejected as “a theory of man’s devising, profane and impious”;‡—and it is too generally imagined that the veneration in which Catholics hold the crucifix, and the devotion which they draw from the representation of the last and most painful agony of their dying Redeemer, are superstitious and offensive to God;—all this has been too pertinaciously repeated to allow me to pass over the reflection which presses itself upon me on the present occasion. Yes! it is under the very shadow of the large crucifix which is suspended over the head of Maria Mörl, that the spirit of ecstasy is infused into her, and that she becomes inspired with those supernatural meditations upon the mystery of our redemption, represented by that very image of a crucified God;—and this, too, within a few feet of the altar upon which the adorable sacrifice of the Mass is offered up, at least twice every week, and from which, in accordance with the belief of the universal Church, she as often receives the body and blood of Christ, really,

* Parliamentary Oath. 31st of the Thirty-nine Articles.

† Dr. Pusey’s Letter to the Bishop of Oxford.

‡ Tracts for the Times, No. xxxviii, p. 11.

truly, and substantially, though sacramentally present, under the form and appearance of bread ! The same reflection also suggests itself in reference to *Domenica Lazari*. She lays stretched upon her pallet, pierced with the very wounds of the crucifix, in face of that same representation of the death of our Saviour, and in presence of that same altar of sacrifice, from which she too so frequently receives the bread of life, which alone brings relief to her sufferings !

It is thus,—surrounded by such accessories as these,—that these two great and astounding miracles are exhibited to the world ! Will, then, the hardiest declaimer against the veneration of the cross, and the sacrifice of the Mass, dare to look upon the ecstatic of *Caldaro*, and the prodigy of *Capriana*, and repeat those atrocious calumnies, and those revolting blasphemies, with which Catholic doctrine has been so often and so long assailed ?

In estimating the importance of these signs and wonders, and the influence they are intended to produce upon us, we should ever bear in mind that it was to his miracles that our Saviour constantly referred for the truth of his doctrine ; it was the supernatural attestation which accompanied it, that stamped it with its authenticity, and imposed upon us the obligation of believing it. So also, when the apostles departed, by his command, to announce the gospel to the world, the

Lord worked with them, and confirmed the word by the wonders which followed it. (St. Mark xvi.)

If we reason upon such things abstractedly from religion, we are only puzzled and confounded ; if we see them with the eyes of faith, we are both edified and instructed. They teach us that the hand of God is not shortened, that He can still alter and suspend the laws of nature, with the same facility, and for the same purposes, as when He told the messengers of John the Baptist to go and carry back to their master what they heard and beheld ; that “ the blind see again, the lame walk about, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and the poor have the good tidings announced to them.” (St. Matt. xi. 4, 5.) They silence the sceptic, and humble the pride of the unbeliever, by proposing to us a problem which all the ingenuity of the philosopher is unable to unravel, which reason cannot scan, but which faith can apprehend, and religion feel. The infidel may scoff, but the designs of God are accomplished, and new votaries are gained to the *true* worship of a crucified Redeemer.

In all that I have stated of my own knowledge, I have been most careful to avoid all exaggeration, all embellishment. We were a party of seven ; amongst us a Protestant gentleman, who was as much amazed as we were at the sight of such supernatural wonders, and who, I am sure, would willingly testify to the correctness of all I have

asserted. If you think that any good can come, in this still credulous though inquiring age, from the publication of this letter, you have my full permission to print it; and should the circumstances herein related produce the same effects upon others as they have done upon us, my trouble will be much more than repaid. Knowing what little authority is given to anonymous statements, especially when they relate to the mysterious or the wonderful, my anxiety to avoid this objection should, I conceive, over-rule any desire I might otherwise feel to conceal my name.

I therefore subscribe myself, as I always am,

Your very true and sincere friend,

SHREWSBURY.

The following account of the most recent case of stigmata upon record, in the person of Catherine Emmerich, who died in 1824, is extracted from an abridgment of her life prefixed to her beautiful and interesting meditations on the Passion of our Saviour:--

“ Her stigmatization took place towards the last days of the year 1812. On the 29th of December, about three in the afternoon, she was in her little room very ill, and lying upon her bed with her arms extended, and in a state of ecstasy. Contemplating the sufferings of our Saviour, and

moved by the most profound sympathy, she demanded to suffer with him. She said five Paters in honour of the five wounds, redoubled her fervour, and felt herself consumed with the desire of suffering with Jesus: her face became red and inflamed; she then saw a light descending towards her, and in the midst of it she could distinguish the resplendent, and as it were living form of her crucified Saviour, his wounds radiating like five luminous stars; her heart was touched with mingled joy and grief at the sight of these holy wounds, and her desire of suffering became so intense, that it seemed to herself as if her sympathy darted from her hands, her feet, and her right side, towards the wounds of this apparition; there then came from each of the wounds of the two hands, then from each of those in the two feet, and finally from the wound in the right side of this apparition, triple rays of a burning red, and terminating in the form of arrows, which struck upon her hands, her feet, and her right side; the rays of the side were larger, diverged more widely, and terminated in the head of a lance: so soon as she had been touched by them, drops of blood sprang from the wounds. She remained long insensible, and when restored to herself, she knew not who had lowered her extended arms. She saw with astonishment the blood which flowed from her hands, and felt violent pains in the feet and in her side. The young daughter of her hostess, who had been concealed in the room, had seen her bleeding hands, and told what she had seen to her mother, who came in great uneasiness to inquire what had happened; and Anne Catherine requested her not to mention it. She felt, after her stigmatization,

that a change had taken place in her body, the course of her blood seemed changed, and it now flowed with violence towards the stigmata. She said herself, 'It is inexpressible!' We owe the knowledge of these events to a singular incident. On the 15th Dec. 1839, she had a vision, in which she saw, in great detail, everything that had happened to her up to that time, but so presented to her that she thought the vision represented some other nun to whom the same things had happened as to herself, and who, she fancied, lived not far from her. She narrated all these details with a sentiment of strong compassion, humbling herself unconsciously before herself. It was extremely touching to hear her say, 'I ought never more to complain; I have seen the sufferings of that poor nun, her heart is surrounded by a crown of thorns, but she bears it tranquilly and with smiles; it is a shame for me to complain, for she bears a heavier burthen than mine.' These visions, which she afterwards recognized as representing her own history, were several times repeated, and it was from them that the details of her stigmatization became known, for she would never, otherwise, have repeated them so circumstantially, having from humility a great dislike to speak upon the subject; and when her spiritual superiors asked her what occasioned these wounds, she only answered, 'I hope they come from God.' The limits we have laid down for ourselves will not allow of our discussing here the question of stigmatization in general. There have existed in the Catholic Church, since St. Francis of Assisium, a considerable number of pious personages who have attained to this degree of the contemplative love of Jesus, this most

sublime expression of identification with his sufferings, known to theologians by the name of *vulnus divinum, palga amoris viva*—there have been at least fifty persons thus favoured. Veronica Giuliani, of the order of the Capuchinesses, who died at Citta di Castello in 1727, was the last of the number who was canonized (the 26th May, 1831). Her biography (published at Cologne in 1810), gives such an account of the spiritual condition of stigmatized persons as agrees in many respects with what we know of our Anne Catherine. Those best known in our days have been the Dominicans, Colombe Schanolt, who died at Bamberg in 1787; Madeleine Lorger, who died at Hadamar in 1806; and Rose Serra, a Capuchiness, at Ozieri in Sardinia, stigmatized in 1801; Josephine Humi, of Woolrau, of the convent of Wesen, near the lake of Wallenstadt in Switzerland, who was living in 1815: she belonged to this class of persons, but we do not remember whether she had received the stigmata.”

Some persons have fancied, from the following text, that St. Paul also bore in his body the sensible marks of his crucified Master:—

“From henceforth let no man be troublesome to me, for I bear the marks of our Lord Jesus in my body.”

And which is thus given in the vulgate:—

“De cetero nemo mihi molestus sit: ego enim stigmata Domini Jesu in corpore meo porto.”

But the most esteemed commentators, such as Cornelius à Lapide, explain the words “Stigmata Domini Jesu in corpore meo porto,” of wounds and scars received from scourgings or other sufferings endured for the faith. The

most ancient paintings of the Apostle give no indication of such a circumstance; and Sixtus IV forbade, under pain of excommunication, any saints to be represented with the stigmata, except St. Francis of Assisium. St. Pius V afterwards allowed St. Catherine of Sienna to be so represented; and Benedict XIV extended the same permission in favour of St. Catherine of Ricci, and the blessed Lucy of Narni; and of whom the fact is inserted in the lessons of their office.

Though these facts are by no means presented to us as articles of faith, still, he who would reject them when supported by indisputable evidence, must be justly suspected of being governed by obstinacy and by prejudice, rather than through the exercise of his reason.

The following observations may serve to complete the testimony upon which I have brought these cases before the public.

“Many other persons have borne in their body the marks of the passion of our Lord. The cases of St. Francis of Assisium, and that of St. Catherine of Sienna, are familiar to our readers, and repose upon evidence of the most unequivocal character. The case of Sister Emmerich, who at a subsequent period received the marks of the sacred stigmata, reposes upon evidence not less satisfactory, having been investigated not only by the competent *civil* and ecclesiastical authorities, but also by several of the most eminent scientific men of the day, of

every shade of opinion; all of whom unanimously agreed, *that no physical hypothesis could account for a wound remaining open for a number of years, without the necessary accompanying symptoms of inflammation and suppuration, and without the formation of a cicatrix.* We beg leave to refer such of our readers as may be desirous of entering more at length into the details of this investigation, to the letter of the eminent German physician, Druffel, published in the *Salzburg Medical Journal*, in 1814. The Count de Stolberg had already, the preceding year, published a letter (which was reprinted in the principal literary journals of the day), giving a minute account of the state in which he had found her at that period.”—*Dublin Review*, October 1838, p. 428.

As I conceive the following letters to be worth preserving, their authenticity being guaranteed by the Rev. Thomas Doyle, the zealous and enterprizing pastor of the new Catholic Church of St. George, London Road, I subjoin them here.

“ *Munich, Nov. 17, 1841.*

“ My dear ——. We arrived here two days ago, after having completed our pilgrimage, and seen the two holy virgins of the Tyrol. The sight of Maria von Mörl struck us even more than we expected, though we had been in some degree prepared by the picture of her, which you also saw at ——. She is quite an unearthly-looking being, one that seems no longer to belong to this earth, but whose fit place is to be for ever before the throne of God. As we entered the room she was in an ecstasy, kneeling at the foot of her bed, perfectly motionless;

her breathing even could not be perceived. Her most beautiful eyes were raised to heaven, and fixed, so that it was easily perceptible that she could not see, nor could she hear. We felt quite awed. She was like some heavenly vision, an apparition, and we could scarcely speak or move in her presence. I never experienced feeling like that with which she impressed me; but as soon as father Capistran addressed her by name, and told her to sit down, she heard and obeyed him, but she sat down, as she also rose again to her kneeling posture, with her hands joined, and without assistance, but as if moved by some other power. Her countenance, when recalled from her state of ecstasy, was bright and intelligent, and expressive of great cheerfulness. She looked round at us with a sweet smile, promised to pray for us and for our intentions, and gave to each of us two little pictures; and when you see them, you can judge whether chance directed her in the distribution of these holy gifts, or whether some intuitive knowledge of her visitors did not direct her in her choice, for choice she evidently did make. * * *

The stigmata on her hands are strongly marked, and, as — said in his bluff way, they are through and through, for he saw the mark himself in the palm of her hand as she gave him his picture. She never speaks now. * * *

Caldaro is a beautiful secluded spot. Capriana is in the Italian Tyrol, a day's journey from Bötzen; the village is on the ridge of a high mountain; the road is too bad for carriages; we were obliged to go in a sort of cart part of the way, until the path became too steep and narrow even for that rude conveyance, and we were obliged to

get upon donkeys. Uncle —— and the boys had horses.

* * * You may conceive that although we passed through a most beautiful and romantic country, that fear and fatigue prevented our enjoying the ride.

* * * * *

“Poor Domenica was in the greatest poverty; she lives in the poorest kind of cottage; when we were by her, her brother’s children were running and screaming about the room. We saw her on a Monday; her wounds were not bleeding; but from the small wounds on her forehead, which exactly resemble wounds made by a crown of thorns, to the middle of her face, she is covered with spots as it were of dry blood. On Thursdays it all falls off, and on Friday she bleeds again afresh. The stigmata on her hands and feet are large and strongly marked. We kissed her poor feet, and they were as cold as marble. She has pretty soft blue eyes, with an expression of suffering about her mouth; very thin, but not pale; nor has she the look of an invalid; her feet are crossed one over the other, nor can she move them; her hands are clasped before her breast. She allowed a doctor once forcibly to disjoin her hands, but it threw her into dreadful convulsions. The day we saw her she was not suffering so much as usual, and whilst we were with her we could see that she endeavoured to still the convulsive trembling of her head and hands. I spoke to her in Italian and in German, and she made signs that she understood me, and that she would comply with our requests of praying for us. * * * We met at our hotel the doctor who had known her from her infancy. He assured us that for eight years she had

been in this state ; that she neither ate nor drank, nor ever slept ; but, I do not know how it was, we did not feel so awed by her as by Maria von Mörl. We remained half an hour with her, and then returned to ——."

The following is from another friend, who saw the parties on the same occasion :

" We have seen Maria von Mörl. She is like a vision from the other world. When we entered her room, she was kneeling on her bed, her hands raised in prayer. She was in an ecstasy, quite unconscious of all around her ; and so she remained until Père Capistran, her confessor, spoke to her : his voice she heard ; she sank down lightly, shook her head, and then seemed conscious of all. Her eyes are beautiful. I never saw such an expression ; they seemed to have grown beautiful from gazing on her God. She dies, to all appearance, on every Friday. The wounds in her hands are distinct, and through and through. They bleed *now* only on the Thursday. Out of the ecstasy, she looks gay and happy, and seems very quick.

" I saw Domenica. At last we came to Domenica's miserably poor cottage ; but it was clean. When I entered, what a sight was there. No infidel could see such a being and remain so. She has the stigmata very large on her hands and feet ; the latter look and feel as if dead. The blood flows every Friday, and her head is as if pierced with the crown of thorns, and bleeds very much. She looks as if she had been crucified a few days before. She has soft blue eyes, full of heavenly patience. She promised to pray for you and the success of your Church. I trust that the sight of these living saints will make a

lasting impression on myself and children. I took the two boys, on purpose to increase their faith, and I doubt not but that it has ; they will not forget it even in the midst of the world. If —— is still obstinate, let him see these wonders of God's goodness to unbelieving man."

Within these few days I have met with the relation of another visit to Maria Mörl and Domenica Lazzari ; it is from the pen of M. de Cazalès, the learned translator of the "Meditations of Catherine Emerich," a gentleman well known in the literary world, and whose testimony cannot be questioned. It has appeared in No. 77 of the *Université Catholique*, and so strongly corroborates all that I have stated, and furnishes so many other particulars, especially to the history of Domenica Lazzari, that I am sure the reader who feels an interest in these cases will be gratified by the following extracts.

"On the 22d of September, 1840," says he, "we arrived at Caldaro. We were admitted to the apartment of Maria Mörl about mid-day, and found her in the state of ecstasy habitual to her. Dressed in white, she was on her knees upon the bed ; bent forwards in a position which no one could have endured for two minutes, she appeared to rest only on the points of her feet : one may best compare her to a bird still resting upon the earth, but in the act of taking wing her eyes were fixed upon an object invisible to all but herself. There was an expression of sublime devotion stamped upon her countenance which no

words can express. . . . She had scarcely regained her senses for a few minutes, when we again observed her eyes to fix themselves on the invisible object of her contemplations. . . . When the ecstasy returns, she remains but a short time in a reclining posture, and then rises again upon her knees with most astonishing rapidity, without separating her hands, which are joined across her chest, and without altering the fixedness of her look. She was like a tree which had been forced down to the ground, but which regains its position when the power which had weighed it down has ceased to act." . . .

M. Cazalès then goes to Capriana. "On Friday the 25th of September," says he, "leaving Cavalese before daylight, we arrived about half-past seven at Capriana, and were immediately introduced into the house of Domenica Lazzari . . . where we beheld a spectacle the most striking and the most extraordinary which it is possible to imagine. Domenica lay upon her bed of suffering, which she never leaves, and where she presents, as it were, a living image of Christ crucified. It was difficult to decipher her features, because, with the exception of her mouth and chin, they were covered with coagulated blood, like a mask. The blood, however, still continued to flow from her forehead, through a number of small wounds, representing the crown of thorns; it ran down upon her neck, and upon linen placed under her head. Her hands were strongly clasped, and resting upon her chest; on the back of these hands, and which alone was to be seen, appeared a large and deep wound, from which the blood flowed upon her arms. Her feet, which we were allowed

to see, were placed one upon the other, and presented a similar wound, though both larger and deeper, with this most singular circumstance, that the blood directed itself upwards, contrary to the ordinary laws of gravity. These wounds had every appearance of having been made with large nails, and they seemed to penetrate the whole foot. To these phenomena were united the most frightful sufferings, as one may judge from the convulsive tremor which agitated the whole frame of Domenica, and more especially her left shoulder, in which she appeared to suffer most intensely. Her lips moved as if in continual prayer. When the pain became more violent than she could bear, she gave vent to the most plaintive moans: sometimes even her teeth chattered, and emitted a singular and prolonged sound, like that of a spinning-wheel. It is impossible to witness an agony more painful, or more strongly characterized; there are moments in which one believes that the sufferer is about to expire. Nevertheless this debilitated frame of her's, which for eight years has neither taken nourishment nor sleep, endures every week these frightful shocks, without sinking under them: at a certain hour the blood ceases and dries; the wounds heal of themselves, without any of those circumstances which generally accompany the cure of a wound; the convulsive paroxysms diminish in violence and intensity, and the poor stigmatized sufferer returns till the Friday following into her ordinary state, a state of absolute helplessness, but of continual suffering, which nevertheless is supportable, if compared with her condition at other times. We visited her twice during the morning that we passed at Capriana. The

first time she was not yet arrived at all the horrors of her agony, and we were able to address a few words to her. I asked her to pray for France, and she made me a sign that she would do so. She gave us some small prints, which they made her first to kiss, and also to touch her hands. I should add, that notwithstanding the poverty of her relations, it is impossible to induce them to accept anything. I have related what I saw with my own eyes, what thousands have seen like myself, and what it is easy for any one personally to verify. Is it necessary that I should say that I never experienced an emotion more lively and more profound, than in the presence of this too-faithful representation of certain portions of the bloody drama accomplished upon Calvary? To the description of what I saw myself, I will add certain details taken from different sources. The most important are extracts from a medical journal of Milan, in which Dr. Leonard dei Cloche has described at great length the different stages in which he has seen this extraordinary person.

“Maria Domenica, the youngest daughter of the miller Lazzari, was born at Capriana, the 16th of March, 1815. Brought up in accordance with her humble condition of life, she became remarkable at a very early age for her intelligence and her piety. During the intervals not passed in labour, she loved to read books of devotion, particularly those of St. Alphonso Liguori: she prayed and meditated frequently; still her modest reserve never allowed her to exhibit any marks of extraordinary fervour, nor anything that should distinguish her above what any good and pious girl ought to be. Her health

was good till the death of her father, in 1828: the grief which she felt for his loss was extreme, and brought on a sufficiently long illness, which, however, at length yielded, either to the remedies prescribed or to the healing power of nature itself.

The doctor then relates the circumstances of a sudden attack of illness which she experienced on the 12th June 1833. . . . Early in April 1834, proceeds M. Cazalès, feeling an invincible aversion to food or drink of any description, she began to refuse the little nourishment which she had been in the habit of taking: about the end of the month, at the instant solicitations of her friends, she took for the last time a little bread soaked in water. On the 30th of April, her relations, alarmed at the obstinacy and violence of her illness, went to Cavalese to inquire for Dr. dei Cloche, who describes in detail the condition in which he found her, and the violent convulsions with which she was attacked in his presence. He made several attempts to induce her to make trial of his remedies, but these endeavours having completely established the impossibility of her swallowing anything, he was obliged to abandon all idea of any course of medical treatment. He returned, however, to see her on the 29th of August 1834, when her convulsions, instead of being periodical, were become continual but less violent. . . . The account in the annals of medicine, continues M. de Cazalès, does not inform us what was the nature of the transition from this illness to the state in which Domenica is seen at this day. It was only three years afterwards that Dr. dei Cloche, who had quitted Cavalese to take up

his residence at Trent, hearing of the strange phenomena that were giving celebrity to the peasant-girl of Capriana, resolved to make a personal examination of the case, and reached her apartment on Thursday the 4th of May 1837, at four o'clock in the evening. "She was confined to the same bed (says he), was clothed and provided with the same linen, and was laying in the same posture in which I had found her in August 1834. Her hands were joined or rather clasped: they rested on her chest in the position in which they are usually found in the act of prayer. On her forehead, about two fingers below the root of her hair, I saw a straight line from one temple to the other, formed of punctures sufficiently near to each other, each of them sparkling with fresh blood. These punctures were about ten or twelve in number. The remainder of her face, as far as the upper lip, was covered with dark and dry blood. About the centre of the exterior of her hands, that is to say, between the metacarp of the centre finger and the fourth, there rose a black spot resembling the head of a large nail, the diameter of which was nine lines, and the form perfectly round.* It was more elevated in the centre, and declined towards the edge: when closely observed, it had the appearance of clotted and dried blood. Around these wounds were marks like regular lines of small scars, all verging to a centre. They were of a pale brown, and about two lines in length. About the centre of the instep of the right foot was a wound similar to that

* A line is the twelfth part of an inch (French measure)—the French inch being considerably longer than ours.

on the hands; it was also surrounded by numerous lines, in the form of rays, issuing from a centre. I could not see the instep of the left foot, because it was firmly pressed, if not entirely covered, by the sole of the right foot. Domenica spoke slowly, the sound of her voice was plaintive, but her words were full of life and energy. Her mind appeared tranquil and at ease; her body, and particularly the lower extremities, was agitated by a perpetual convulsive tremor, like the leaf of an aspen tree.

“ When I approached her bed, a complacent smile, and a few kind expressions, signified to me that my visit was agreeable to her. I told her how much her situation inspired me with compassion: she made no reply, but raised her eyes towards heaven, and drooped her head. I put several questions to her, that I might better understand her interior sufferings; she answered them with kindness. Having asked to see the palm of her hands, and the sole of her feet which had taken a position nearly horizontal with her legs, she replied, ‘ I cannot move them. It is impossible for me at present to separate one hand from the other, nor the right foot from the left. The slightest effort I might make to do so would occasion the most excruciating pains, and the most frightful convulsions.’ My curiosity was not satisfied with this excuse. I renewed my entreaties, and applied the best reasons I could to persuade her to comply. She remained silent for a few moments, and then said: “ To-morrow morning, I will endeavour to satisfy your desire, and I hope to succeed.’ ‘ Now,’ said I in my turn, ‘ if you have not the power of separating your hands and feet, try at least to

move your fingers.' She replied, that she could only move the fore-finger of the right hand. I then asked her, if, on the following day, being a Friday, the blood would flow from her wounds as on the Fridays preceding. She answered: 'Up to the present moment my sufferings have never failed to recur. On that day my wounds have always bled. To-morrow morning, after I shall have made my meditation during the holy Mass, come and see me, and you will be convinced of the truth of what I tell you. If you come sooner, you will distract me in my prayers, and your presence will be painful to me.' I begged her to allow me to feel her pulse. She consented. 'But,' said she, 'don't press too hard, for fear you should bring on long and violent convulsions, as it lately happened when a physician, who was an unbeliever in my sufferings, felt my pulse in spite of me.' I did as she desired, but I felt no pulsation whatever, because the whole of her frame was in a continual tremor, which prevented my perceiving the beating of the arteries. At the slightest touch the tremor increased, and her moans redoubled.

"I asked her why her window was perpetually open. She replied, 'Ever since I have been confined by illness to this bed, I have never been able to bear its being shut, either day or night, even during the most severe frosts of winter. When any one shut it, it became necessary to re-open it immediately to prevent my dying of suffocation.' What she told me was attested by irrefragable evidence: and it is notorious that her window remained open during the whole winter of 1836, when the thermometer of Réaumur fell more than thirteen degrees below zero. She

assured me that during high winds she feels herself better, and her pains are assuaged. To supply the want of wind, she requests persons who visit her, or those belonging to the house, to fan the air around her with a large fan, which is kept there for the purpose. To verify her assertion, I used it myself, and for half an hour I fanned her with all my strength, so as to disorder her hair. The sensation was agreeable to her : and she opened her mouth to inhale a ventilation which had been very unpleasant to any other person.

“ She assured me that she had a large wound in her side which she studiously concealed, and several other smaller ones on her back which discharged blood every Friday. She added, that since the 2d of May 1834, she had neither slept, tasted a drop of water, nor swallowed a morsel of bread. She told me besides, that she suffered without ceasing the most severe pains in every part of her body, but more particularly in her wounds,—pains which, on every Friday, were accompanied by violent palpitations of the heart, and became sometimes so intolerable, that death would appear preferable to her.

“ The following day, the 5th of May, at seven in the morning, I returned to Domenica. At more than a hundred paces from her dwelling I heard the most piercing cries coming through the window of her room, which gave upon the street. As I approached, I distinctly caught these words : ‘ Oh ! my God, come to my assistance.’ Scarcely had I placed my foot upon the sill of the door, when the most mournful, and the most heart-rending spectacle presented itself. The projecting marks which

I had observed on the back of her hands, were now perforated and flowing with blood. It ran also from the wound in the instep of the right foot, and also from that in the instep of the left, though it was concealed from the sight. Around every wound was a red halo; those around the punctures on the forehead were small; those of the feet and hands resembled such as appear on the seventh day of the development of the process of vaccination. These openings were real wounds, or, if you will, deep and living ulcers, but without purulency, or any indication of matter. The blood which came forth was healthy, flowing, viscous, and perfectly resembled arterial blood. It flowed very gently, but yet visibly. The wounds on the forehead were about two lines in depth, one line in width, and circular in their form. Those of the hands were three lines in depth, and were hollowed out in the form of a cone; their diameter was half-an-inch, and that on the instep of the right foot resembled those of the hands.

Having contemplated her for some time, I reminded her of the promise she had made to allow me to see the palms of her hands: she immediately elevated her clasped hands with a sigh, and with an effort succeeded in detaching them for a second: I only saw a wound on the surface, but it was all bleeding. She cannot detach the sole of the right foot from the instep of the left. When I expressed a desire to see the wound in the side, she said: 'I cannot allow it to be seen. When the blood flows the linen becomes glued to it, and cannot be detached without insupportable pain; when the blood begins to dry, it is concentrated on the wound and conceals it entirely from

the sight.' This wound has only been seen by stealth by her mother and her sisters, when they have endeavoured to assist her during her most violent convulsions. No one has seen those which she states herself to have on her back.

"At ten o'clock she was still exclaiming with a loud voice, 'Oh, my God! come to my assistance.' At intervals she gave laconic answers to the questions put to her, and then returned to her mournful prayer. At four o'clock in the afternoon, though the blood had ceased to flow, she still continued to cry out with the same force and earnestness. When interrogated on this point, she replied: 'I experience the most frightful pains in every part of my body, and in thus exclaiming with all my force, I find relief to my sufferings.' Then in a few moments she cried out, 'Oh, my God! my pains have taken me in the chest;' and she made a sign with her clasped hands that the attack had reached her heart: 'It is,' said she 'the forerunner of the most acute pain;' and, in fact, in about ten minutes she was a prey to the most strange and frightful convulsions. Her spasms were of the most violent character, and accompanied by the most alarming symptoms: they attacked her without intermission, without method, and without measure, passing alternatively from one part of her frame to the other. The attacks succeeded each other with variations impossible to describe; and she was so completely exhausted and overcome that she might readily have been taken for a personification of death. She seemed to experience at one and the same moment, sensations the most opposite and contradictory, and every one of them without the slightest affinity to her habitual

sufferings, nor to her perpetual fast, nor to her weekly discharges of blood, nor yet to her frail and debilitated constitution."

"This description," says M. de Cazalès, "affords as many details as we could desire relative to the external phenomena which characterize the state of Domenica Lazari. Her interior life is but little known, as well as that of Maria Mörl, because their spiritual directors maintain, in that regard, the prudent reserve prescribed by the Church in such cases. . . .

"To what I have already said, I have but few reflections to add. . . . To those acquainted with the history of the lives of the saints, these things are neither new nor unknown, and we willingly and confidently refer them to a supernatural agency. When a case of miraculous stigmatization is presented to our notice, we are delighted to acknowledge it, and to admire it as the effect of the infinite riches, power, and bounty of the Divinity. . . . When philosophy is at a fault, when science is mute, and reason is confounded, it belongs to religion to speak and understand. . . . The extraordinary phenomena known under the name of ecstasy, rapture, partial or complete stigmatization, have been studied and minutely described by the ancient theologians; but since Protestantism and a distempered and fastidious philosophy have pronounced anathema, in the name of reason, against the whole system of mystical theology, even a great number of Catholics have considered it but an attribute of wisdom to reject a multitude of pious opinions, upon which certainly the mind was free, and to take up a position behind that which was alone imperative

upon their faith, till the apprehension of believing too much is become almost universal. They have evinced a ready disposition to admit that our ancestors were but weak and credulous creatures, and that all which they held to be true, as reposing upon a connexion between the visible and the invisible world, has vanished before the searching and superior light of science. But this is a most superficial judgment, and one which but a slight acquaintance with the subject must ever refuse to ratify. The facts which our fathers attributed to a supernatural intervention, are no more to be explained to-day than they were then ; and, after all, no one endeavours to explain them ;—people are content to treat them as illusions and as pious frauds. They all stand, more or less explicitly, upon this axiom, that the Almighty cannot desire to depart from the ordinary laws of nature ; and to all the facts which are not reconcilable to this principle, they only oppose interpretations equivalent to a denial. Above all, they rest their argument upon certain pretended miracles or popular superstitions, which no one has ever seriously defended, and they hold themselves thus authorized to treat as absurd stories a mass of facts, of which many are as well attested as any that stand upon historical evidence. Certainly, it is folly to believe too easily and too quickly ; but does not the same maxim apply to those who reject, without examination, what is admitted by a multitude of honest, conscientious, and enlightened men,—and, above all, that which is guaranteed by the sanction of the Church Catholic, when she decides upon the miracles of her canonized saints ? Were we to take the trouble to sift the documents

which are neither scarce nor difficult of access, and to acquaint ourselves with the conditions upon which the Church inscribes a new saint upon her calendar, we should soon be convinced of her extreme prudence, or rather mistrust of all that bears upon the miraculous, and we should be obliged to acknowledge that facts of this nature, which have passed the ordeal of a process of canonization, are become entitled to the highest degree of authenticity which it is possible for any evidence to impart, either by the number or veracity of the witnesses. We cannot, therefore, too strongly invite persons of candour and sincerity to peruse the *Lives of the Saints*, particularly of those whose canonization has taken place in these latter times, and regarding whom the evidence is more ample and complete. If this study be made, not in the imperfect abridgements which alone are generally in the hands of the faithful, but in the originals themselves, we should not only sometimes find ourselves transported into a very wonderful world, and be made familiar with scenes which equal or surpass what has been here related of these two pious virgins of the Tyrol; but, if I am not deceived, very materially change the course of our ideas, and demonstrate how very little value is due to a host of objections and bantering against miracles, thrown into circulation by infidels, adopted by worldlings, and often repeated by fickle and unreflecting Christians. Upon this point, as upon all others, the Church has nothing to conceal; and far from fearing a scrutiny, she invites it with ardour and with confidence. Let us then examine, let us study, let us discuss the facts and the evidence upon which they

rest, guided by the rules of historical criticism ; and if the inquiry be made conscientiously and without prejudice, we shall soon be compelled to acknowledge that God has never ceased to manifest himself within the bosom of his Church, by numerous and transcendant miracles, for the most part established upon a series of proofs which no other tribunal demands, and through which the words of our Saviour, “ Verily, verily, I say to you, the believer in me shall do the works which I do, yea, shall do much greater works,” have never ceased to produce their fruit from age to age, any more than they ever will cease to produce it for ages to come, and to the end of time.”*

* I find it stated in a note, that it is now necessary to be provided with a permission from the bishop of Trent to visit Maria Mörl, on account of her having retired into a convent of the third order of St. Francis.—(S.)

A RELATION OF THREE SUCCESSIVE VISITS
 TO
 THE ESTATICA OF MONTE SANSAVINO.

DURING the winter of 1841-2, having heard of an ecstasie near Arezzo in Tuscany, we determined to visit her on our way from Rome to Florence.

Monte San Savino, where she was to be found, is a small, ancient walled town, pleasantly seated on an eminence amidst the varied scenery of the Appenines,—amidst mountains, woods, cornfields, and vineyards,—on the high road between Arezzo and Sienna, twelve miles from the former, and about thirty from the latter. From Arezzo, we accomplished the distance, along an excellent road, in two hours. Having brought a letter to the arch-priest, he obligingly met us at the house of Domenica Barbagli, for such is her name. It is one of the poorest, and is situated in one of the meanest streets of the town. We found her in a considerable-sized attic, confined a cripple to her bed. From the spot on which she lies, she looks through a grating fixed in a partition wall, into a small chapel

fitted up for her especial service. It was half-past eleven in the forenoon. She was perfectly tranquil—which is her usual state,—speaking in an exceedingly low tone of voice, as one incapable of greater exertion : for eating little or nothing, a small quantity of salad and a little coffee,—her stomach rejecting bread or anything solid—she is a perfect skeleton. Indeed we were assured that even this small quantity was taken—so trifling is it—not by way of sustenance, but merely to refresh her mouth. Her countenance, which is extremely interesting, with very sweet, delicate, and regular features, and fine soft dark eyes, is not, however, in the same state of emaciation as her body, though withal very thin and extremely pale. Were her eyes shut, she would be a perfect corpse. Her mind, as if it had acquired strength from her physical debility, is extremely vigorous and active : and such is her reputation for piety and sense, that persons come from a great distance to consult her upon nice and difficult questions, and which she, a poor, simple, illiterate girl, with no other instruction than her catechism, decides with a promptitude and ability which seem quite oracular. Her own natural diffidence and humility prompt her to decline so high and honourable a function, and she only undertakes it in obedience to her spiritual director.

Contrary to Maria Mörl, a tranquil state of wakefulness and of mental prayer is her usual con-

dition, and her ecstasies are the exceptions, as they only occur during, and for a short space of time after, the mass which is daily celebrated in her little oratory, and in the afternoon of every Friday. Such is their regular and unvaried course, subject however to cease when her health is in a still more precarious state, or to be excited at the desire of her confessor when her prayers are requested on very particular occasions : for it is during her state of ecstasy that she offers up her supplications to the throne of grace, to the giver of all good gifts. When therefore the opportunity does not occur sufficiently soon to satisfy some urgent case, and her confessor sees occasion to require it, she falls at his bidding, into that state of intimate communing with her God which is the most propitious for the purpose.

We found her extremely affable and communicative, readily giving her advice and conversing on religious subjects with great fluency and unction.

After satisfying our curiosity and the interest with which she inspired us, as far as circumstances permitted, we took our leave for the purpose of returning to Arezzo. Having made our arrangements for visiting, on the following day, the celebrated sanctuary of Laverna—that solitude so favoured in the annals of ascetic life—where the seraphic St. Francis received the stigmata, and then founded a community of poor mendicants which has subsisted during the long and eventful

period of six hundred years, maintained entirely upon the goodwill of the public and the voluntary contributions of those to whose corporal and spiritual necessities they have administered,—we had at the moment no idea of repeating our visit to Domenica, even anxious as we were to see her in a state of ecstasy : but before leaving Monte San Savino, we had resolved to forego Laverna, and to assist, on the following morning, at the mass, which is daily offered up in her presence, both to satisfy her devotion, and as a means of administering to her the holy communion. Fortunately we found Monsignor Franceschini at Arezzo on his way to Monte San Savino. As he had long taken a particular interest in Domenica, and had visited her several times, he was enabled to communicate to us many circumstances which we otherwise might have found it difficult to learn.

She is now (1842) twenty-nine years of age. Her father (who is dead) was a journeyman tailor, and her brother still follows the same humble craft. As a child, she was remarkable for her docility, her piety, and the assiduity with which she learned her catechism. About sixteen years since, she had a severe fall down stairs, which so terrified and otherwise affected her, as to bring on convulsions, and lay the foundation of her corporal maladies ; and which in their turn have been the means employed by Providence to bring her, as far as human power can judge, to her present state of high

spiritual perfection. Her illness so increased upon her, that within four or five years she became entirely confined to her bed.

In the year 1833, she was first observed to fall into ecstasy after receiving the holy communion; but without rising from her bed. The blessed sacrament was at that period administered to her once a week, and each time the ecstasy recurred, but varied in duration from two to four hours. Such was her condition for about three years, till on the 8th of September, the feast of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, 1836, during the celebration of high mass in the parish church, she began to sit up in her bed in an attitude of prayer: this state of ecstasy continued for several months, till the bishop of Arezzo having diligently inquired into her case, then permitted her to have an altar in her room for the celebration of the divine sacrifice of the mass, when her ecstasies assumed the form in which they now appear,—occurring regularly on the Tuesdays and Fridays, being the only days on which mass was then celebrated in her presence. Upon these occasions she was sometimes observed to raise herself upon her feet, and even occasionally upon the point of one foot, but ever in the attitude of contemplation. This also occurred to her at other times of the day, but invariably upon the Friday afternoon. She is also elevated in ecstasy during the processions of the blessed sacrament through the town, during the

nine days preceding the nativity of our Redeemer, and more especially during the night of the nativity itself.

Upon the bishop's decease, the vicar-general, either conceiving that too much excitement was occasioned by the wondrous state of Domenica, or wishing to put her to a severer trial than she had hitherto undergone, withdrew the permission for the private altar. Then again, as previously, the blessed sacrament was carried to her from the church : but with this difference, that at the moment in which the priest took the Ciborium from the tabernacle her ecstasy began, and ceased just in time to allow her to receive the consecrated host. It was not until after an interval of many months, that the archbishop of Florence obtained a written rescript from his Holiness for the establishment of her little oratory as it now exists.

She has been attended by numberless physicians, ever submissive to the treatment which they thought proper to prescribe—however troublesome or painful—her only anxiety being to satisfy her duty, and to conform herself to the will of God. Their prescriptions fortunately neither killed nor cured, but left her precisely where she was, helpless and bed-ridden, sleeping little and eating nothing.* She

* I believe the most singular instance upon record of a person living without food, and living for twenty years in perfect health and strength, is to be found in the highly interesting life of the blessed Nicholas Vonder Flue

is moved about once a fortnight for the purpose of arranging her bed, and changing her dress : but the difficulty with which this is accomplished is such, that it never fails to throw her into a fainting fit, from which she only recovers when she is again placed in her bed. She is dressed in a plain, long, white calico wrapper tied round her waist, and which sufficiently indicates her extremely emaciated condition. She also wears a plain white cap with a neat muslin frill.

Having arranged with Monsignor Franceschini to assist at his mass at eight o'clock on the following morning, we left Arezzo at half-past five. There might have been ten or twelve persons in the room, including ourselves ; every one being freely admitted as long as there is space for* them. We found Domenica precisely in the same position in which we had seen her on the previous day, calmly laying upon her back—covered with a weighty counterpane—her head slightly raised upon her pillow, so as to afford her a sight of the altar and of the officiating priest. At the Offertory she suddenly threw forward the bedclothes, and instantly rose upon her knees with her arms outstretched, and her eyes elevated to heaven, motionless as a statue. She who had been bed-ridden for

(London, 1838). The reader may there see the evidence upon which it rests, and will, moreover, be amply repaid for his trouble by the beauty of the composition, and the excellence of the translation.

eleven years, and so perfectly helpless that it is with extreme difficulty, as I have just observed, that she is moved with the assistance of several persons, and which invariably produces syncope, now sprang into the beautiful attitude in which we then beheld her, with a swiftness, elasticity, and energy, as if a spring of highly tempered steel were in every joint. She remained in this position for two or three minutes, and then slowly folding her arms across her breast, she gradually sank again upon her pillow with surprising grace and dignity, and in a manner as unearthly as that in which she had risen. Her mother then covered her again with the counterpane, and she again became conscious of what was passing around her.

At the *SANCTUS*, she again sprang forward with the same force, and again sank into the same repose, after an ecstasy of about the same duration. The same scene was repeated at the *ELEVATION*, at the *DOMINE NON SUM DIGNUS*, and at the last *BLESSING* : and all without the slightest symptom of fatigue or nervous excitement. A heavenly calmness and serenity sat upon her countenance both in and out of her ecstasy, and with the exception of the act of rising,—and which was accomplished with an evidently supernatural vigour,—and the easy majestic movement by which she regained her ordinary position, she was altogether without motion. She received the holy communion at the usual period of the mass, just recovering

from her ecstasy in time for the purpose : and after the sacrifice was completed, she sprang three several times upon her knees, twice with her arms and eyes uplifted, and once with both pointing to the ground : at the termination of her last ecstasy, she gently crossed her arms upon her bosom (which she had not always done, sometimes joining her hands as if in prayer) and again reclined upon her pillow. After leaving her for some minutes in quiet contemplation, we once more approached her, and again solicited the benefit of her pious intercession with that God with whom she appeared to commune so intimately.

Remaining another day at Arezzo, still with the intention of visiting Laverna, but the weather proving unfavourable, we were too happy in the opportunity of repeating our visit to Domenica, and, being Friday, of beholding her rapt in ecstasy during her especial contemplation of the passion of our Saviour on that day. As she hears the clock strike (regularly at twenty-one o'clock by the Italian method of counting) her ecstasy begins. There was at that moment no one in the room but her mother, and one or two strangers who, like ourselves, had come to satisfy their curiosity or devotion, or both. When we entered, the curtains of the bed were yet closed, but being withdrawn, we found her kneeling with her arms outstretched, and her eyes uplifted.

To prove how totally unconscious she was of

every thing around her, and yet how peculiarly sensible to certain external influences—in how strange a condition of body, whether the natural effect of her illness, or arising from her singularly spiritualized state, I will not venture to determine—the chaplain (not the archpriest, who was not present on this occasion) desired me to touch her hand; when the slightest pressure of my finger upon hers made her arm fall several inches, and put her into a swinging motion from side to side. This movement was considerably increased by the same person blowing at her gently with his breath, so exceedingly ærial and unsubstantial is her frame. None of these influences, however, produced the slightest alteration in her attitude, or the least impression upon her senses; her eyes and countenance remaining fixed and immoveable as before, and her arms resting in the same position,—only swinging with, and entirely regulated by, the body. Before this motion had entirely subsided, he gently blew at her in front, and she then swung to and fro, backwards and forwards, showing how singularly distinct was the effect of so gentle a breath upon her, the impulse being given according to the direction from whence it came. Gradually the oscillation ceased, and she recovered her balance; when she fell back with the same grace and dignity as upon other occasions, regaining her position upon her pillow with her arms crossed, and was again covered with the counterpane.

What I have just related, explained to us what we had noticed the day preceding, but without knowing the cause, as no observation was then made upon it. In one of her ecstasies after mass, we observed the archpriest, when facing her right side, gently to touch her hand, and blow at her (as we thought for the purpose of driving off a fly which we saw upon her) when the same swinging motion was produced which we had just now noticed.*

* This circumstance may be taken as a specimen of the little idea they have of showing her off; for though it certainly was done to gratify our curiosity, still no one took the trouble to explain it: and it was only by asking the explanation on the following day that the experiment was repeated. It was entirely by dint of asking questions, and more especially through Monsignor Franceschini, that we obtained any particulars concerning her. No relation of her case has yet appeared in print, though we understood one to be in course of preparation, though not by any of the authorities of the town.

This singular physical condition of Domenica may certainly, so far, be a case of natural mesmerism: but is it not more likely to be akin to those frequent, well attested cases, in which the ordinary laws of gravity are reversed, and the human body of a living saint has become suspended in the air even for a considerable time?

“Galloni mentions (for example) several extraordinary raptures with which St. Philip Neri was favoured in prayer, and testifies that his body was sometimes seen raised from the ground during his devotions some yards high, at which time his countenance appeared shining with a bright light (Galloni Vit. cap. 20). We find the same authentically attested of many other servants of God.

During the quarter of an hour or twenty minutes in which she continued in ecstatic contemplation

St. Ignatius of Loyola was sometimes seen raised in prayer two feet above the ground, his body at the same time shining with light. The like elevations are related in the lives of St. Dominick, St. Dunstan, St. Philip Beniti, St. Cajetan, St. Albert of Sicily; B. Bernard Ptolemai, institutor of the Congregation of our Lady of Mount Olivet, Aug. xxi.; B. Robert of Palentin, Aug. xviii. &c.; in the Bolandists of St. Francis of Assisium, in his life by Chalippe, and others. Many of the authors of these lives, persons of undoubted veracity, testify that they were themselves eye-witnesses of this fact; others were so careful and diligent writers, that their authority cannot be questioned. Thus Trivet tells us, that St. Richard, then chancellor to St. Edmund, archbishop of Canterbury, one day opening softly the chapel door, saw his archbishop raised high in the air, with his knees bent, and his arms stretched out; but falling gently to the ground, and seeing his chancellor, he complained to him that he had hindered him of great spiritual delights and comfort (Trivet, *Annal.* p. 73 ad ann. 1240). Dom Calmet, an author still living, and a severe and learned critic, assures us that he knows a religious man, who, in devout prayer, is sometimes involuntarily raised in the air, and remains hanging in it without any support. Also that he is personally acquainted with a devout nun, to whom the same has often happened. (Calmet, *Diss. sur les Apparitions*, chap. 21). See in the life of St. Teresa, written by herself, how, notwithstanding her resistance, her body was sometimes raised from the ground. Whether these persons, and others to whom the like may have happened, were raised by the invisible ministry of angels, or by any supernatural operation immediately derived from God, is uncertain, and probably what they themselves could not determine, any more than St. Paul could perceive whether

of the passion of our Saviour, she rose four several times, and of course reclined again as often. The

he was carried up into heaven in his body or out of his body.

“It is objected to these miracles, that Eunapius, a Platonic philosopher, who, in 380, wrote the lives of Porphyrius and Jamblichus, relates that the latter was often raised ten cubits into the air, and was seen surrounded by a bright light. But this historian, in credulity and malice against the Christians, surpassed Porphyrius and Jamblichus themselves; and his testimony, in relating such idle dreams, can have no weight with any serious reader. By the pretended rapture of Jamblichus, it was his aim to forge a prodigy which might seem to rival the transfiguration of Christ, and probably the favours granted to several saints, like this related of St. Philip. We must observe that those heathen Platonic philosophers, who in the first age of the gospel laid claim to theurgy or a magic power, never attempted to perform any miracle in a public authentic manner: their historians were remote in time, produce no sufficient vouchers in confirmation of the prodigies they relate, and overset themselves by the ridiculous absurdity of their histories, and their inconsistencies both with themselves and with the most certain monuments of those ages. It was only with a view to discredit the incontestable miracles which proved our holy religion to be the work of God, that they had recourse to imposture, and to the illusions of magic. For this Porphyrius of Tyre, in 270, laid down pretended rules of divination; and his scholar Jamblichus above-mentioned, in Syria, under Constantine the Great, published a book of mysteries, which is only a heap of enthusiasm and abominable folly concerning the miraculous effects of the theurgy, and the purification of the soul, till by a transformation it is united to the celestial powers. And both these impostors seriously relate of Pythagoras, that he was saluted by rivers, and

first time her hands and eyes were both uplifted—the second time, her head fell, and she leaned con-

that he could remember all the several bodies his soul had animated, and how he had been a tree, a girl, a fish, and that very Euphorbus the Trojan who was slain by Menalaus; with many other tales still more ridiculous, unknown to Diogenes Laertius, or any former writer above eight hundred years from the death of Pythagoras. Philostratus, under the emperor Severus, in 206, another of the same class, wrote the life of Apollonius Tyanæus, above one hundred years after his death, containing an account of his pretended prodigies.

“ But the view of all these writers was only to oppose such forgeries to the true and evident miracles of Christ and his followers, the reality of which they were not able to contest. And such are the inconsistency and absurdity of their vague idle stories, that to rank them with the fables of Ovid’s *Metamorphosis* would be doing them too much honour. How unjust is it to put the most authentic Christian miracles upon a level with such ridiculous forgeries! These their pretensions, far from weakening, serve to corroborate the evidence for the Christian miracles, inasmuch as by them it appears to what wretched shifts the most ingenious, the most implacable, and most learned adversaries of our religion were driven. Certainly the reality and evidence of our miracles left no room for cavil, seeing philosophers of the greatest penetration, abilities, and power, could find no other expedient to gratify their inveterate malice against us, than by pretending to rival our miracles by the grossest forgeries. It is, however, no way unreasonable to allow that Apollonius Tyanæus, and some others, might, by the Divine permission, effect certain wonderful things, as Tillemont and Fleury seem not unwilling to grant; though the authority of the vouchers is by no means cogent. The empire of the devil, though much restrained from the time of the death of Christ, to the

siderably on one side, as in an attitude of grief—the third time, her arms dropped, and her head was bent down nearly to the bed, a position strikingly indicative of the imaginary situation in which

coming of Antichrist, which is implied by his being said to be bound (Rev. xx. 2, 3), is not so far abridged that he is not suffered, by special permission of God, to use his natural power to tempt men to sin ; and also sometimes, though very rarely, to endeavour to seduce them by lying signs, in which he would fain mimic the finger of God. But on these occasions he always bears the visible marks of his imposture, by which his works may be distinguished from those of God. Among these, a secret spirit of pride is always a certain proof of his artifice. Hence those who lay down rules for the discernment of spirits, unanimously teach, that in visions, raptures, or extraordinary favours, every thing is to be ascribed to the illusion of the devil or the force of imagination, if the person coveted or was fond of such extraordinary favours, which is always a grievous presumption and dangerous snare : likewise if under them he seemed puffed up, if he divulged them, or willingly spoke of them, except for private advice or necessity. For the Holy Ghost, especially in such favours, always inspires by his gifts, and requires the most profound humility, love of the closest secrecy, and perfect obedience to the advice of spiritual superiors, even against a person's own judgment. Such favours, if doubtful as to their origin, must always be disregarded. Persons must also be convinced that sanctity no way consists in them ; must set no high value on them, and labour only to advance by every means in sincere humility, meekness, and charity : rejoicing not in them, but in the divine grace and mercy." (Luke x. 20).—*Butler's Lives of the Saints*, vol. v. 335, Ed. 1815.

her ecstasy had then placed her at the foot of the cross. On falling back upon her pillow from this last position, she lay for several minutes with her arms outstretched, as if she herself were extended on the cross, but motionless as a corpse. During this period, her right arm hung down partly beyond the bed; I touched her hand (having first been desired to do so by the chaplain, for the sensation of awe which I experienced at the sight before me, would certainly have otherwise prevented my doing so), when it shrunk from the touch like the leaf of a sensitive plant, and then, like it also, remained in the new position which it assumed. Her feet, which were covered with stockings, were crossed one over the other: on placing my finger under the uppermost,—which I was also desired to do,—it was instantly elevated three or four inches, and there remained. To the feeling it was light as air, as if neither flesh nor bone were there: it was the most singular sensation possible, for neither the foot nor hand were risen by the touch, but voluntarily, as it were, receded from it, and yet her whole frame was, at the same time, so completely entranced that no effort could have aroused her; many experiments having been made for the purpose, such as holding a candle near her eyes, which Monsignor Franceschini told us he had himself done. During her first ecstasy, one of the persons in the room closed the little finger of her right

hand, and it remained exactly in the same position, till she had regained her pillow.*

*I shall here quote a few passages from a highly interesting correspondence, with which I have been favoured by Dr. Edward Binns, a gentleman who has a considerable practical knowledge of magnetism, and who is now engaged in the publication of a work, entitled "The Anatomy of Sleep," and which I have no doubt will prove both learned, curious, useful, and instructive.

"The aerial condition of Domenica Barbagli would seem to me to depend upon the presence of an unusual proportion of the electrical fluid, or, as the term fluid conveys an improper idea, it would be less objectionable to say 'nervous energy.' This however does not remove the difficulty, but it affords at least a convenient mode of expressing the presence of an unknown or unexplained agent, and I am induced to offer this explanation (which I do only at your Lordship's request, and not from any arrogant assumption on my part, that I *can* explain the cause) because we know that bodies in a highly electrical state have a tendency to fly off from the centre, or to assume the centrifugal force, or, in other words, to become lighter. And this is not only common to inanimate but to animate bodies.

"I have myself seen patients, when in the mesmeric trance, whose limbs, and even bodies, *were moved to any side by the mere approximation*, without contact, of the hand. It is possible, therefore, that the persons about Domenica Barbagli, and Maria Mörl, are unconscious magnetizers; or the former persons may possess in themselves a power of secreting the electric influence, or nervous energy, similar to that of the gymnotus or electrical eel. This view is supported by the fact, that Gall possessed the faculty of mesmerizing himself to a certain extent, as he informs us.

"The fact, mentioned by your lordship, of a person holding his breath and extending himself upon a table,

Her ecstasy had commenced precisely as the clock struck the twenty-first hour; it struck the

being easily raised on the tips of the fingers by four persons each holding his breath is perfectly true. The experiment was performed on one occasion in the presence of the late Sir Walter Scott, as Dr. Brewster in his 'Natural Magic' relates. In this instance four persons would seem to be negatively, and the fifth positively electric.—And I consider Domenica to have been positively, and your lordship negatively electrical when you touched her. I could adduce other facts in support of this theory, but it would encroach too much on your time. I may add, however, that I myself, by simple approximation of my hand without contact, have raised the foot and arm of a patient of Dr. Elliotson, a Miss Ambrose, in presence of the Marquis of Titchfield, the Earl of Stanhope, and a large party, and since that have seen it done hundreds of times by others. This patient moreover, like the needle to the pole, or the heliotrope to the sun, being fixed in a cataleptic state, similar to that of the Addolorata when influenced by the passage of the viaticum, turned always to Dr. Elliotson the magnetizer or mesmerizer, *wherever he went, and this standing on the left leg, having the right twisted round it, and for at least half an hour, or as long as it pleased the mesmerizer.*

“That it may please the Almighty (to whom all glory now and for ever!) to manifest his goodness and his favour by natural means in certain persons, I cannot presume to doubt, and any argument I may have employed to sustain my own views of the extraordinary phenomena exhibited in the cases of the Addolorata and Estatica, or that of Domenica Barbagli, I must entreat your Lordship to bear in mind, was the result of a desire to explain on the known laws of nature, symptoms and appearances which I humbly think to a certain extent (probably erroneously, for truth is

quarter as she lay with her arms extended as on the cross: this was the signal for all present to

only known to God) may be accounted for on physical grounds.

“Of the works of Görres I know nothing but what I had the pleasure of reading in your Lordship’s very interesting pamphlet. His authority *as to fact is indisputable*, and has never been questioned by me; but so far as his philosophy is involved, I could not, on the mere authority of his name, adopt it, without having duly considered the data, and examined the arguments upon which it is founded. And in corroboration of the respect in which I held, and do hold, the statements put forth by your Lordship and Görres, you will perhaps permit me to say, that so much was I impressed by their importance, and the necessity of making them known, that I hastened immediately as your Lordship’s pamphlet appeared, to abridge its contents in the form of a review, and delivered it myself to the editor of *The Times* newspaper, but that gentleman declined admitting it into his columns, without, however, assigning any reason.

“It is quite consonant with all the received opinions upon natural philosophy, to admit that the phenomena opposed by the *Estatica* and *Addolorata* are *miracles*,—that is, miracles to our finite knowledge; but not that they are contrary (I humbly contend) to the laws of nature. Because the laws of nature were prescribed by the Almighty himself, and it is difficult to reconcile with his prescience, and wisdom, and omnipotence, the idea that He could ever find it necessary to undo what He has done, which would seem to be a manifestation of ignorance of the future, and an indication of the want of power. The oak springing from the acorn—the eagle from the egg—and the motion of the earth in her orbit round the sun—are miracles, but not contrary to the known laws of

kneel down in prayer to God, and in grateful commemoration of the redemption of mankind through

nature; and so I conceive the ecstasies of the Addolorata and Estatica to be miracles, but not *contra naturæ legem*.

“In using the words ‘unconscious magnetizers,’ I had in mind a case in which a patient, when in the mesmeric trance, had her lips unconsciously and unintentionally locked while she was speaking, to the surprise of all parties, by a gentleman present (Captain Valiant, of the 40th) and it was not till he had recollected that he had accidentally touched her jaw, that the marvel was explained. I assure your Lordship that there are some facts connected with mesmerism, though most certainly not attributable to the same causes as those of the ecstasies of the highly favoured persons of whom I have been speaking, but which are nevertheless extremely wonderful, and *inexplicable by any known laws of nature*. But I will not trouble you with the subject at present.

“I may allude to a remarkable incident mentioned by your Lordship, of the flowing of the blood upwards from the stigmata on the feet. Is this phenomena explicable by the hydraulic law that a fluid will rise to the level whence it flows? And were the head and the trunk of the body higher than the feet, when you observed this astounding fact? Keil and other mechanical physiologists considered the body as a machine constructed on hydraulic principles; and I make the query therefore, not that I would urge the argument myself, but that your Lordship may be prepared to reply to it, should it be made, as I have no doubt it will, by those who refuse to admit all divine interference in the affairs of this world. Another circumstance cited by your Lordship is a *miracle*,—if you were not deceived, which I cannot believe to be the case. I allude to the odour of coagulated blood in the room; and yet you were informed that the blood never stained the linen. It is difficult to conceive that a fluid can be

the Blessed Passion of Christ. Shortly afterwards, she rose for the fourth time, with her arms crossed

sensibly present both to the organs of smell and sight, and yet be wanting in material properties;—*on such a point as this, I cannot venture any opinion.* We are fearfully and wonderfully made; and the great God who did all this can do anything; and therefore it becomes an humble individual like myself to bow in silence and submission, without attempting to explain what it may please Him to keep for ever concealed.

“I have thought again and again of the extraordinary phenomena of Domenica Barbagli, and the more I reflect upon them, the more I am convinced that they cannot be explained by any known natural laws with which we are acquainted. Indeed philosophers must admit this, if they exclude from their minds all idea of imposture, deception, or collusion, and there is no evidence, or even suspicion, that any exists. And once admitting this, what other reason can they give for the presence of the phenomena, but that they spring from a preternatural cause? or, in other words, the interposition of divine grace? There can be no effect without a cause, and consequently, by referring the ecstasy of Domenica Barbagli to a heavenly origin, they will avoid the absurdity of proclaiming that a thing can happen without a cause. Neither, my Lord, is it contrary to some of the views which the best physiologists entertain of many of the phenomena of organization. For example, we know of no nerve which perceives that unpleasant and even harrowing sensation which most persons experience on hearing a saw filed, or a piece of steel grated harshly against another piece: nor are we yet acquainted with the *modus operandi* of many of the vital phenomena, as blushing, the action of light upon the retina, or even the hourly process of nutrition, or assimilation of the most heterogeneous substances that are taken into the stomach at every meal, to the condition of mus-

upon her breast, and soon gradually sunk back in the same attitude. Within the space of two or

cular fibre, hair, ligament, bone, &c. Yet none of these inexplicable phenomena are denied, or attempted to be denied. Why then should the ecstasies of Domenica Barbagli? I protest, my Lord, the former seem to me all miracles, though their nature differs essentially from the condition of Domenica Barbagli—they being normal and natural, or according to the known order of things; *hers*, abnormal and preternatural, or according to the unknown order of things.

“Deeply impressed with the importance of the inquiry, I have employed every available moment since I returned to town, in endeavouring to account for these ecstasies of Domenica, and have, I think, not been entirely employed in vain. Among other works which I have consulted, “*The Commentaries*” of Sir Alexander Crichton, physician to the emperor of Russia, have afforded me some countenance in my belief, that they cannot be referred to any known cause; because, I find, that he is compelled to admit many facts, for which neither philosophy nor physiology afford him any explanation. This is a great point gained; since if a distinguished physician like Sir Alexander,—a man now in his ninetieth year, and yet blessed with health and vigour—admits that such and such phenomena *are true*, but which ought *not* to be true according to laws supposed to be well ascertained, it is going very far towards admitting your Lordship’s views; and since no known natural laws can account for the phenomena, what better can we do than refer them to the God who prescribed all laws, both known and unknown?”

Returning my most sincere thanks to Dr. Binns for his great kindness in thus communicating to me his views on these cases, I shall merely observe upon the present occasion, in reference to the flowing of the blood from the feet of the Addolorata in a direc-

three minutes she came to herself, and conversed with those who approached her, which she ever does in the mildest and most engaging manner.

During the whole of these ecstasies, as far as our observation went, her eyes were always open and perfectly fixed; nor could we perceive the least motion of her lips, nor the slightest distortion or even movement of a muscle. The only observable difference—the attitudes apart—between these latter, and the ecstasies in which we had seen her during mass on the previous day, was the cast of melancholy sadness which pervaded her countenance; whereas on the former occasion it exhibited more of angelic sweetness; it also appeared to me thinner.

In her ecstasies during mass, her face was turned towards the altar;—after mass she turned herself towards the window, and in the direction in which I happened to be. This also was generally the case on the Friday. In contemplating her upon these occasions, with her hands extended in the

tion contrary to the laws of gravity, that though Dr. dei Cloche found, when he visited Domenica Lazzari, that her feet were *nearly* on a level with her limbs, yet that when we saw them they were certainly *very far* from being in that position. Not wishing to occasion any further interruption to the narrative at the present moment, I shall reserve the observations I have to make on the impossibility, as it appears to me, of any of these persons being in the slightest degree under the influence of mesmerism, to a later portion of the pamphlet.

attitude in which St. Francis is represented as receiving the stigmata, I could not help thinking that she also might at any moment be favoured with these sacred marks, and however unworthy I were to be a witness to the prodigy, I could not but indulge in the possibility of the event, seeing how fitting an object she appeared to be for an honour which had been conferred on so many others.

I could not indeed imagine a more suitable occasion, or a more likely subject: for a prisoner in an humble dwelling, with the rude rafters for her canopy, one degree only removed above a state of squalid poverty, yet is her lowly chamber, like the stable of Bethlem, more honoured than the palaces of kings; for the King of heaven doth come to visit her; the learned as well as the simple disdain not to seek her advice and to ask her assistance, either in person or by proxy; while her bed-side is daily crowded with pious votaries who, on bended knee, return thanks to God, for having thus vouchsafed to animate their faith, and excite their devotion. The saints in heaven look down upon her with complacency, for she seems already numbered amongst the blessed choir of ministering angels. She is pre-eminently engaged in the same service as themselves, in ecstatic adoration and thanksgiving,—already warmed with the fire which glows within *their* breasts, and partaking

of the joys which radiate through *their* seraphic forms.

She seems exempt from the infirmities of the flesh, and has no longer any victory to obtain over it. She has but to die the death of the just, and to enter upon her inheritance,—into those everlasting mansions prepared for the blessed from all eternity.

It is undoubtedly within the order of Divine Providence, that a school of suffering and adversity, of faith, humility, and love, shall impart knowledge to the mind, before which the wisdom of the most learned sinks into ignorance when acquired only in the spirit, and under the guidance of the world. And what then may we not expect when the intellectual and immortal soul is thus moved and invigorated by the power of Him who made it? Of Him who said, “Let there be light, and there was light?” Why should not His visitings to those who have renounced all other but that inward sense, which is absorbed in God who created man for himself—and who created him according to his own image and likeness—dispel the shadows which surround us in this our encumbered state even by the ineffable light of his own countenance; bring a chosen few, even before their time, into those intimate communings with a brighter and purer world, which exhibit to the enraptured heart and ravished eye the ethereal abodes of the blessed and the just, peopling the dwelling-place of Him who hath the

earth for his footstool, but the heavens for his throne? Is it anything so strange that the spirit should be, for a season, disenthralled from the slavery of the flesh, and admitted to a glimpse and foretaste of those glories and enjoyments in which the destiny of man, when man is made worthy of them, is ultimately to be accomplished?*

* When not in ecstasy, the position of Domenica is upon the edge of the bed (which is very wide), for the convenience, I presume, of speaking to those who desire to converse with her: and one cannot fail to remark it as another very singular circumstance attending these evidences of a supernatural agency, that however frequently she changes the precise place and attitude of her ecstasies, she never fails to regain the very same spot when she reclines again upon her pillow, though it is impossible to see her without being satisfied of her state of perfect unconsciousness as to sensible objects, and of her real physical incapacity for the least exertion.

Three clergymen who had seen her moved, amongst them Monsignor Franceschini, testified to us the extreme difficulty with which it is effected, and her totally helpless condition.

During the month of March, she was so ill that the physicians and every one about her expected her death daily, though mass was still celebrated in her presence, she was neither rapt in ecstasy, nor received the blessed sacrament, when on the feast of the Annunciation she suddenly recovered her usual state, though during the whole of the month of April she desired to be left as tranquil as possible, and not to be troubled with visitors; having even recommended them to write to Monsignor Franceschini to prevent his coming to see her at that time, so that we were particularly fortunate in finding her in the condition in which we did.

Like Maria Mörl, her ecstasies leave no lassitude behind

When it is remembered that Domenica was bed-ridden for five whole years before she became an ecstatic, a poor helpless creature, only a burden to a family which had no other subsistence but what they earned by the labour of their hands :— which is the more likely, that she is, or is not the cripple which they represent her ? During the whole of that period was she immured within a gloomy attic, abandoned to wretchedness and disease, to a complication of mental and bodily suffering, exposed to the inclemencies of the seasons, to the extreme of heat and the extreme of cold ; shut out from the joys of spring, and the delights of summer, and from the varied beauties and pastimes of a southern autumn. The refreshing breeze never visited her cheek, the vivifying sunbeam never gladdened her sight : neither the flowering thorn, nor the fragrant rose, nor the enamelled mead, displaying their charms for her : nor even a distant view of the spreading fields, nor of the sloping woodlands, nor the glowing ridges of her native mountains on a summer's eve, ever soothed her wearied soul, condemned to number the slow unvaried hours on a bed of sickness within the monotonous precincts of a sombre garret. Nor the organ's solemn peal, nor chant of vesper hymn,

them ; and she has conversed for two hours together upon different occasions with Monsignor Franceschini without fatigue ; once only did she wet her lips with a little water.

nor even the babbling of a crystal brook, nor yet the wild melody of the linnet's song, ever fell upon her ear : but rather the harrowing cries of infantile sorrows from the thronged and narrow street—to which dull silence is sweet melody:—such were among the many pains and privations to which she—a highly intellectual being in the heyday of her youth,—was apprenticed for five long years, as a preparation for the mysterious visitation which awaited her.

But suppose her an impostor,—and we must add to these, the awful *ennui*, to make the least of it, of a mind left to prey upon itself, meditating indeed upon the means of deception, not only cut off from all the consolations of a good conscience, but if not hardened in iniquity, given up to the remorse of a bad one,—and yet with a countenance stamped with sincerity and truth, with devotion to God and benignity to her fellow-creatures—and we have then a sum of misery and of turpitude, without one single redeeming quality or compensation, such as it is impossible to conceive, even did not the circumstances by which she is surrounded, of themselves repel the unworthy thought, and which are at once sufficient to drive suspicion even from the least reflecting mind.

If she be an impostor, then is it the most profound, the most persevering, the most ill-requited, and withal the most miraculously successful scheme of imposition that ever was practised upon the

credulity of man. But if she be not an impostor,—and no eye can behold her and believe her to be so—then let us learn the lesson which she teaches. Let us esteem her a messenger from heaven to guide us thither,—let us believe what she believes, honour what she honours, adore Him whom she adores, intercede with those whom she supplicates, and yield submission to that authority to which she has pledged obedience. Thus may the designs of Providence be accomplished in her, and God be glorified in his saints ! For has the Almighty no object in his doings ? Are they not to teach justice and wisdom to his creatures, obedience and adoration to himself ? and have such favours ever been vouchsafed to the votaries of error ? Can any section of Protestantism, great or small—whether in the halting days of its infancy, or in the more mature consistency of its ultimate development—if any real, and palpable development it has—can Protestantism, during its long and wayward, though humanly-speaking, triumphant course, boast of one single supernatural attestation in its behalf, equal even to this of Domenica Barbagli ? And yet there are men who have ever the Scriptures in their mouths, and who even acknowledging the Church to be their best interpreter, still ever usurp that office for themselves, but who nevertheless forget in either case, that the doctrines of the Scriptures were ever promulgated to mankind as the mandates of heaven, because heaven

ever suspended or reversed the laws of nature, as a visible testimony to their truth.

That these signs and wonders will not satisfy all, I am well aware ; neither did the most astounding miracles of the apostolic age. Their reality is not therefore to be tested by our incredulity. Though the countenance of St. Stephen shone with a supernatural light, yet did his infuriated judges persist in the work of his destruction, in spite of the wonder which was intended for their conversion. Even the miracles of our Saviour were attributed to Beelzebub : for they who choose to blind themselves are permitted to do so.

“ If (says St. Paul) our Gospel be also hidden ; it is hidden to those who perish :

“ In whom the God of this world (that is, the prince of darkness) hath blinded the minds of unbelievers, that the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should not shine unto them :”* which means, says the commentator, “ that if there be any who have not yet received it, it is their own fault. For had they been as eager to receive it, as we have been to announce it to them, the whole world had long since been converted.”

After all the marvels with which Christianity has been illustrated for eighteen hundred years, we still seem to be tempting God, and saying with

* 2 Cor. iv. 3, 4.

the obdurate and incredulous Israelites, "Is the Lord amongst us or not?" (Exod. xvii. 7.) How is it we are otherwise to account for that evident disrelish for the invisible or spiritual world, for the cold scepticism so prevalent amongst us, and for the loose latitudinarianism in which people are so willing to take refuge, in the absence of any fixed and stedfast faith, unless it be by a lamentable indifference to futurity? "The most busy, matter-of-fact personage passes through certain phases of existence, in which the visible world being, as it were, for a moment eclipsed, the invisible glooms dimly in the uncertain distance. The fact is, we are all of us so completely absorbed in the details of every-day life, so occupied with the miserable scramble after what we consider our due share of wealth, of fame, of honour, or of pleasure, that we live habitually unmindful of an order of things upon which all visible existences depend. These habits, and their corresponding opinions, ossify the heart, and that circumstance may well account for the extinction of an order of ideas, which constitutes man's especial dignity, inasmuch as it identifies him with beings of a nature superior to his own, and with the Deity himself."*

How many of the generation which has just passed would have rejoiced to see the things which we have seen, and to hear the things which we have heard;

* Dublin Review, Oct. 1838, page 408.

but if, like Pharaoh, we witness the signs which are intended to soften our obduracy, and subdue our infidelity, and return back into our house as obstinate as we left it, the fault is ours, because we will not set our heart to it.* And for what are these signs and wonders, but for the revival and the perfecting of our faith, for the reclaiming of the sinner, the subjection of the infidel, the edification of all? Let us see whether we may not apply them to ourselves in these times of doubt and difficulty on religious questions, when so many are halting between two sides, careful lest the reproach should fall upon us that the Lord had manifested himself in vain.†

For example, this pre-sanctified spirit, this chosen soul, undoubtedly favoured by seraphic communings with her God, not only believes, with Dr. Pusey, in the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, but, with the whole Catholic Church, in the transubstantiation of the elements; she not only believes, with Dr. Pusey, in the possibility of an intermediate state between heaven and hell, in which the souls of the faithful departed *may* derive “a larger portion of comfort and joy through

* “He turned himself away, and went into his house, neither did he set his heart to it this time also.”—Gen. vii. 23.

† “How long do you halt between two sides? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him.”—3 Kings xviii. 21.

the prayers and oblations of the Church,"* but she believes in the whole doctrine of purgatory, as defined and taught by the Universal Church of which she is a member; she not only believes, with the advocates of Tract 90, that "the Church hath a certain conditional authority in matters of faith," but that that authority is absolute, because it is gifted with infallibility under the promises of Christ, as "the pillar and the ground of truth,"† and not only capable of teaching the doctrines "once (for all) delivered to the saints," but of teaching them with undeviating, unerring truth, undefiled by the least admixture of falsehood; she not only believes, with Dr. Pusey, in the great sacrifice of our Redemption, but believes, with the great community of Christians throughout the world, that that sacrifice is daily renewed upon our altars in the adorable sacrifice of the Mass, and believes it with her arms extended in ecstatic contemplation of that awful and incomprehensible mystery, as if she herself were nailed to the cross upon which her Saviour died, at the very hour of the day and upon the very day of the week on which that great tragedy was enacted,—and this within a few hours after she had been united to her God by partaking of the body and blood of Christ from that very altar upon which the holo-

* The articles treated on in Tract 90, by the Rev. E. P. Pusey, D.D. p. 88; 1841.

† 1 Tim. iii. 15.

caust had been offered as a real and propitiatory sacrifice, but which Dr. Pusey and the thirty-first of the thirty-nine articles—though in defiance of all the ancient fathers and councils of the Church, which they so profess to venerate that they even pretend to quote St. Augustin as an authority in their favour—designate as a “blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit!” This child of heaven not only believes, with Dr. Pusey, in the lawfulness of imploring the intercession of the saints, as an ancient, pious, though exploded practice, but she believes it as an article of faith, under the guidance of the Church, and as one from which no Christian can be dispensed; because she knows, with all Christendom, that no saint has ever yet been honoured after death who had not himself honoured and invoked the saints while living,—for once we know that the saints are able and willing to assist us, assuredly it is incumbent on us to invoke their intercession. Far from rejecting, with Dr. Pusey, the just and prescribed use of images and pictures as dangerous or forbidden, she cherishes and venerates those by which she is surrounded, because she knows that no servant of Christ has ever persevered to the end in fidelity and truth, who had vainly and contemptuously denied the lawfulness of employing images and pictures in the true spirit of the Church, as memorials of the favours and the gifts of God, as stimulants to adoration and love of Him, and the practice of

piety.* And is she not safer in thus believing, and thus regulating all other controverted doctrines in unison with the fathers and the councils of the Church, and, as the Church tells us,—she to whom the deposit of faith has been entrusted,—with “the apostles and the martyrs,” than in arrogating to herself the right of private judgment, or in *professing* to believe with an authority which has never yet been capable of binding the faith of any

* “The Church has made use of holy images from the very time of the apostles, and has approved of them as being in many ways useful to pious and religiously inclined persons.* For whilst the Christian devoutly surveys the mystery of his redemption, presented to his view by pictures and other modes of representation, the articles of faith are by means thereof piously recalled to his mind, and deeply impressed upon it.† Indeed, as the fathers of the Council of Trent observe, ‘Great fruit is derived from all sacred images, not only because the people are reminded of the favours and gifts bestowed upon them by Christ, but also because the miracles wrought by the saints of God, and their salutary examples, are presented to the eyes of the faithful;—that they may return thanks to God for them,—dispose their lives and conduct in imitation of the saints,—and be stimulated to the adoration and love of God, and the practice of piety.’‡”—*White’s Confutation of Church of Englandism*, p. 175. Any one who desires to examine the evidence of the early use of pictures and images in Christian churches, may find it in this same work,—in “The Faith of Catholics of the first Five Centuries,”—and in many others.

* Tom. 2 Conciliorum, Concil. Nicen. 2, generale 7, Act 7.

† Tom. 3 Conciliorum, Concil. provinciale Senonense, anno Domini 1528, decret. 14, de veneratione sacrarum imaginum.

‡ Concil. Trident. sess. 25, de invocatione, et veneratione, et reliquiis sanctorum, et sacris imaginibus.

one,—with a self-convicted, erring, and schismatical Church?

And are not *we* safer in believing with Maria Mörl and the two Domenicas, and the great body of the Christian Church, both ancient and modern, than in pinning our faith—if such were possible—upon the dissenting tenets of one solitary, fanciful individual, tenets all of them easily proved to be erroneous, and most of them indefinite even in his own mind, and he the heterodox minister of a Church to which he has virtually subscribed assent in one sense, but which he chooses only to obey in another; as if he alone were wise and holy, not merely amongst his own, but amongst all the teachers of Israel?

Putting all other evidences out of the question, can Dr. Pusey give me any one sign and wonder in defence of *his* doctrines equal to the assurance I have received in favour of mine from these three simple, humble, but gifted souls? Am I not therefore rather to be persuaded that *they* are the lowly ones whom the Almighty has chosen to confound the great, than that Dr. Pusey is the inspired of God; to stagger not to give stability to my faith, by adding one more to the vague, loose novelties of the day; by separating again what has already been so fatally dissevered, and running once more adrift in search of a resting-place where certainly none is to be found, amongst the stormy billows of contention and disunion?*

* Dr. Pusey always appears to write as if he trusted to

These things I know will “have weight according to the temper of mind of those they reach;” they will not be understood by every one—only by

his own individual inspiration from God, both as to the doctrines he should teach, and the fittest seasons for proposing them, and this in the very teeth of his deference to authority, and his solicitude to be guided by the tenets of primitive antiquity. “While we cannot abandon,” says he, “what we believe to be true, we have ever been ready to acknowledge that prejudice may have been created against the truth by our imperfect modes of stating it. We must sorrowfully feel—there is much shame in making the confession in behalf of others less imperfect than myself, yet all must feel painfully—that had they more of the Blessed Spirit of Truth, their teaching would more approve itself to be truth, since it would appear that it is ‘*not they who speak, but the spirit of their Father which speaketh in them.*’”* And again: “During these years also in which we have been employed, we have been all along but working together with others, in different spheres, as writers or parochial ministers, holding the same general principles, but formed independently of us, *by the same Lord who gave us our work.* Still it is acknowledged that many have been stirred up by the writings which have come forth from this place; *the new life which has from above been infused into our Church, has of late taken a form in accordance with the principles of our Church, as they have been set forth HERE*; persons who as yet stop short of doctrines which in the name of our Church we have taught, still own themselves indebted to us for shewing them the nature of that Church, and teaching them Apostolic Order,”† &c. A hundred other similar passages might be selected. How different from the language of primitive antiquity!

* Letter to the archbishop of Canterbury, p. 90. † Ibid. p. 109.

a few—and their fruit will be according to the soil on which the seed is thrown. Even the glorious firmament of heaven, bespangled with innumerable stars, and fitted with its all-wondrous mechanism, while it proclaims the divine author of our being, in letters of the purest and never-fading effulgence to the eye of the believer, is no better than darkness and confusion to the infidel; so also the most astounding miracles, wrought by the Almighty for the most merciful and beneficent purposes,—to drive man from his iniquity and folly, and to invite sinners to repentance,—and which command the admiration of all, subdue the perversity of many, and are intended to attest the revelations of God to the whole world, how dull do they not fall upon the senses of others. And what constitutes the difference? Is it not the readiness with which we correspond with the designs of God upon the one hand; or upon the other the mist which we ourselves draw over our perceptions, dimming the pure and subtle spirit of our soul?

The fault is ours, if we do not see. “He hath set water and fire before thee: stretch forth thy hand to which thou wilt.” “Before man is life and death, good and evil, that which HE SHALL CHOOSE shall be given him.”* “But all men are vain, in whom there is not the knowledge of God: and who *by these good things that are seen*, could not understand him that is, neither *by*

* Ecclesiasticus xv. 17, 18.

attending to the works have acknowledged who was the workman."* While then even the incredulity of the Jews did not obstruct the miraculous mission of our Saviour, neither do I see why the superciliousness of some, or the thoughtless ridicule of others, should be permitted to countervail the benefits which the devout, the humble, and reflecting Christian may derive from the knowledge and contemplation of these scenes which I have had the good fortune to witness, which I believe to be effected by a divine agency, and which I have therefore attempted, however imperfectly, to describe, and to apply them to the purposes for which they appear to be intended.

The following notice of another ecstasica of the Tyrol, translated from the Italian, published at Milan, in 1840, appears to me too analogous to the other cases, and too interesting in itself to be passed over.

“Crescenzia Nieklutsch was born on the 15th of July, 1816, at Cena in Passiria. At the early age of five years, she went with her family to Tcherms, a village containing about six hundred souls, in the district of Cena, and situated in the fertile valley of Merano, and not many miles distant from the commercial town of Botzen. She lost her mother at the beginning of the Lent of 1835, and her father, who had heretofore exercised the profession of a miller, was, by unexpected misfortunes, compelled to gain

* Wisdom xiii. 1.

his livelihood by labouring in the fields. Her two sisters were charitably taken in charge, one by an English lady of Bressanone, and the other by one of her aunts: while her brother found an asylum with a worthy miller of Merano, who undertook to instruct him in his art.

“Up to the age of sixteen, Crescenzia led a Christian and edifying life under her paternal roof. From her sixteenth to about her nineteenth year, she went out to service, in several different places, and everywhere left most honourable recollections of her good conduct: six months at Merano, a year at Trent, and three months at Verona, sufficed to procure her the esteem and affection of her masters, and of all who knew her. But being attacked by a nervous disorder, it became extremely difficult for her to fulfil the duties of her situation, and she ardently desired to return home, probably in the hope of there finding the relief which she sought in vain elsewhere. Being therefore again under her paternal roof towards the latter end of January 1835, she there lived in a state of great poverty with her father, and assisted her mother in her last illness with most anxious solicitude, and most admirable patience; thus perfecting herself in every virtue, in the sublime school of tribulation and of the cross; but of which kind of schooling we do not always understand the advantages, or reap the benefits. In the spring of the same year, she fell ill of a malady, of which I know not the precise nature, but which afflicted her with acute pain. Medical art afforded her no relief, for the doctor neither understood the nature of her illness, nor after some time, could she any longer avail herself of the remedies prescribed, half a cup of milk being all that she could take during the day.

“ At this period she became rapt in almost perpetual ecstasy: she generally remained in this condition both day and night, entirely deprived of all external sense, kneeling upon her bed, her eyes open, elevated and fixed, her arms raised towards heaven, motionless as a statue.

“ About this time, a worthy inhabitant of Merano, named John Gratsch, well acquainted with the virtuous character of Crescenzia, thought he could not do better than place before the eyes of his numerous family, so high and edifying an example of piety. He therefore signified to his wife his intention of taking Crescenzia into his house, and of treating her as a member of the family. They then proposed it to her father, who gave his consent, and Crescenzia was received amongst them on the 16th July, 1835.

“ Some weeks previously, however, she was the subject of a most remarkable phenomenon; up to the 7th of June, her health had been sometimes good, at other times disordered: but upon that day the sacred stigmata suddenly appeared in her hands: some weeks subsequently they also came in her feet; then lines traced in blood were seen upon her forehead, and towards the middle of September it was known that she bore the wound of the lance in her side. From all these wounds the blood flowed abundantly, but more especially on the Friday.

“ The ecstasies of Crescenzia resemble those of Maria Mörl; and she bears the stigmata like Domenica Lazari. The reader will also suppose, that like them she is compelled to keep her bed; but it is no such thing. Scarcely had this young woman observed the venerated marks of

our redemption on her person, than considering herself wholly unworthy of such a favour, she besought the Almighty to remove from her all that could attract the esteem and admiration of men, and that might possibly be the occasion of sentiments of complacency and vanity within herself,—desirous only to increase that heavenly, internal grace, which should prove to her an effectual protection against vain-glory.

“The God of humility could not delay to grant this humble request of his pious servant: and a few days afterwards these bleeding wounds were healed! But in proof of the favour she had received, there remained upon her forehead, her hands, her feet, and her side, certain marks, which were sometimes red, sometimes not; but which, nevertheless, served equally to perpetuate the pains which she had endured, without exposing her to the curiosity of the world.* With the closing of her wounds, every symptom of her malady disappeared: she found herself replenished with a new force, and on the 9th of October of this same year, she asked for her clothes, and rose from her bed to the astonishment of all.

“She then hit upon another expedient to escape the attention of the people, whose eagerness to see her was already manifest. Her health being restored, she expressed her grateful thanks to her benefactors for their kindness towards her, and signified her desire to return to her father. When they entreated her to remain, she

* The same circumstance is related in the life of St. Veronica Giuliani.

replied, that the will of God required that she should retire, at least for a season.

“ She then left for her father’s house, where she assisted him as much as possible in his labours during the two months which she remained with him. She took very little nourishment, was frequently in ecstacy, but neither suffered from convulsions or other indisposition. On the Thursday evening, however, and during the whole of Friday, while contemplating in ecstacy the sufferings of her Redeemer, the stigmata became redder, and she experienced the most acute pains, accompanied by frequent and very severe spasms.

“ Having thus averted the interest which the people were exhibiting in her regard ever since they became acquainted with her singular piety, and knew her to be marked with the stigmata, and having thus yielded to her humility, she returned on the 9th of December to the good friends she had so lately left, saying that God had so designed it, and that she should remain with them, till some other retreat was indicated to her. These worthy people received her with open arms, and still retain her with feelings of the deepest veneration. The room which she occupies is the smallest, the least commodious, and darkest in the whole house: this she desired, to escape observation; and this obscurity alone is the witness to her mortifications and her sufferings.

“ She sleeps but a few short hours, and always in her clothes: her only food is half a cup of milk, which she never takes till after sun-set, and then only in virtue of obedience. She frequents the church twice a day,—in

the morning to assist at Mass, and in the evening at the public recital of the Rosary. During the Mass, till the priest communicates, she reads the prayers of the liturgy with the greatest attention and recollection. She is then rapt in ecstasy, and remains so till all have left the church: she then comes to herself, and returns home. She often suffers from great and continued dryness of spirit: when in this situation, she is in the habit of writing her feelings to her divine Spouse, entreating him not to delay, but to return to her desolate and disconsolate soul. One who had read these effusions assured me that they were filled with a most saintly unction, and an heroic courage. She is affable to all, and though she loves above all things the solitude of her chamber, nevertheless she discourses politely with those who address her; while her conversation is frequently enlivened by those rays of light and wisdom with which the Almighty has favoured her. She also employs her talents and her superior sagacity in assisting the schoolmaster of the place in the instruction of the children confided to his care. Once a week, besides on the great festivals, she goes publicly to communion in the church; but she takes especial care to avoid all singularity, or anything that might draw upon her the attention of the people. All who know her acknowledge her as a pattern of humility, and of the most admirable and heroic patience; while the whole of what I have related of her rests upon the most authentic evidence.

“Her meditations on the passion and death of our Saviour frequently exhibit the most lively and touching representations of that awful and afflicting drama; indeed

on the Thursday evening and the Friday they never fail to do so, and none can see her upon those occasions without being moved by so affecting a spectacle. When she arrives at the crucifixion, she falls down with her face upon the ground, and is so overcome with grief, that she is more dead than alive. This paroxysm varies in duration. At times she sheds tears during her ecstasy: one sees that she is plunged in grief, and her action is that of a person suffering from intense internal trouble. At other times, on the contrary, her ecstasy represents her smiling and happy—her eyes glisten, and her whole countenance is so full of joy and peace, that her very appearance is sufficient to revive the most troubled and most sombre spirit. When she is not at work, she ever holds in her hands a small crucifix: and one may judge of the ardent love with which she is inflamed towards her divine Saviour, since a single glance, or the act of applying the crucifix to her lips, which she frequently does, often suffices to throw her into an ecstasy, so that it is impossible to recall her to herself, or to move her from one place to another.

“Such is her actual condition: may the Almighty turn it to the happiness and salvation of this chosen soul, and to the honour of his holy religion, which being ever one in essence, nevertheless exhibits herself diversely in the conduct of her saints, whose virtues adorn her with an endless variety.”

My attention having been called, as I have already stated, through the kindness of Dr. Edward Binns, to the very singular effects of mesmerism in its present advanced stage, and to its possible bearing on these cases, I am fully justified in asserting that the several interesting conversations I have had with that gentleman, as well as with others who have made a scientific study of magnetism, have impressed me with a decided confirmation of the view I have ever taken of these ecstasies.

Indeed, the more I have considered the possibility of Maria Mörl or Domenica Barbagli being under the influence of mesmerism, the more am I satisfied that they are not.

In the first place, mesmerism, I believe, is wholly unknown in Italy or the Tyrol, otherwise than as a theory; being altogether discountenanced by the Church, as a system peculiarly liable to be abused in dishonest hands : * nor can I trace the

* “ We are by no means disposed to look beyond natural causes, when they are sufficient to account for the phenomena which come under our observation : we merely

slightest similarity between these ecstasies and any known cases of the mesmeric trance. The

beg to admonish a certain class of our readers, in the words of Hamlet—

‘ There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dream’d of in your philosophy.’

* * * “ We merely observe, that all effects which do not result from the ordinary powers of nature, according to the fixed laws of the physical universe, must be attributed to a modification of those laws by spiritual agency, good or bad.

* * * * *

“ The insufficiency of *visible objects*, under the actual law of their being, is perhaps the first motive which induces men of restless minds to cast a dangerous look towards agents of a superior order. The Middle Ages are full of examples of this fatal curiosity, and without attaching implicit belief to all the instances which have been handed down to us, contemporary writers, and even the judicial records of those times, have preserved a series of facts which it would require an extraordinary dose of credulity to reject. We say of credulity, because to reject an historical fact, reposing upon the testimony of grave, prudent, and impartial men, who were eye-witnesses to it, supposes the power of believing that all those persons were either deceivers or deceived, a thing generally less probable than the one disputed. But the reason of the facility of credence in one case, and the difficulty in the other, is explained, when we reflect that, upon the admission or negation of a certain order of facts, reposes a grand fundamental principle, the establishment or the subversion of which settles the endless dispute between *matter* and *spirit*.

“ It is not then to be wondered at, that, in the present state of things, that inordinate curiosity, the germ of

instantaneous completion of the ecstasy in the one, and the gradual arrival of the trance in the other ;—

which existed in a state of innocence, should prompt us to tamper with things, the nature of which is unknown. This is already a grave error, and appears replete with danger, and the more so, when we reflect that we are surrounded by beings of a nature superior to our own, who renew continually the insidious proposal of the arch-deceiver, to open to us the arcana of forbidden knowledge.

* * * * *

“ All effects must have a cause, and that cause must be either *natural* or *supernatural*. In the present case, reduced to this dilemma, we are forced to avow that these things appear to us wholly beyond the power of any natural agent. Admitting (for the sake of argument) the existence of a nervous or magnetic fluid, emitted by the operator, and capable of producing certain effects upon the nervous and muscular system of the patient, it is preposterous to suppose that such an agent should enable the magnetized person to foretell future events, or even to see things passing in distant places. The only reasonable hypothesis, in the present state of our knowledge, is the intervention of evil spirits, whose object is to lead men astray as to the nature of those miracles and celestial visions which are occasionally permitted for certain particular providential ends. This solution seems borne out, not only by certain avowals of the adepts of animal magnetism, but more particularly by the direct assertions of those who have submitted themselves to its influence.

* * * * *

“ As it is beyond doubt that the invisible world, like the visible, is the scene of conflict between the good and the evil principle, is it to be supposed that the former would, under existing circumstances, remain completely passive? Such a conclusion would be contrary to all just principles, and equally contrary to fact. Miraculous and

the shortness of its duration in Domenica, the length of it in Maria, and yet the instant termination of it in both, without the slightest perceptible period of transition, whether it end of itself, or by the command of others ; and the comparatively slow process by which the patient is brought to himself again by mesmerism, and the extreme difficulty, and even hazard, by which the return to an ordinary state of existence is effected, if left to take its own course,—the general rule with mesmerized persons being to close the eyes under the operation, while it is precisely the contrary with those affected by a supernatural agency,—the circumstance of our ecstasies never speaking or being consulted during the ecstasy, while persons under the influence of natural or artificial somnambulism can only relate that which they see, while *in* that state,—the total unconsciousness of all that has passed during the magnetic trance by those who

supernatural phenomena are by no means uncommon in the present day, but the sceptical spirit of the age refuses to examine their just claims of credibility. The Church yearly adds to the list of canonized saints, and in *every case* she bases her judgment of the sanctity of the subject upon duly *authenticated miracles*. Other cases, which are left to the tribunal of private judgment, abound : but it is the fashion to say little about them, for fear of wounding certain morbid sensibilities ; or lest the narrator should be exposed to the derision of those who treat such things as foolish inventions, or at least as the misconceptions of an over-credulous mind.”—Dublin Review, Oct. 1838 ; article, “ The Visible and the Invisible.”

have been the subject of it, and the lively sense of the spiritual communings with the Almighty, which remain upon the minds of Maria and Domenica ;*—the total want of spontaneous action, corresponding with the matter on which the senses are then intent, by persons under magnetic influence, and the singularly graceful movement of the arms, hands, and head of these two ecstasies, so perfectly indicative of the impressions then passing through, and succeeding each other in their intellectual faculties ;† all these, and many

* St. Veronica Giuliana, in obedience to her confessor, described the subject of many of her ecstasies. Upon one occasion, she says ; “when we return to ourselves, after these communications, we understand, in the most lively manner, the value of suffering, and the treasure which lies concealed amid contempt, disgrace, and humiliations. These are the lessons to be learnt in this school of Divine love.”

† Maria Mörl, according to the testimony of Görres, has never spoken to any but her confessor on the particulars of her spiritual communings during her ecstasies. But the general features of the objects which occupy and engross her soul are so distinctly marked in her whole deportment that it is impossible to mistake them. Her prayers are known to be analogous to, and to be regulated by, the great festivals of the ecclesiastical year ; and at Christmas she is seen with delight rocking the new-born infant in her arms ; on the Epiphany she falls down upon her knees in adoration behind the Magi ; and at another time she is beheld assisting at the marriage feast of Cana, reclining on her side, according to the custom of the east. Both her physiognomy and her action perfectly express, upon all occasions, the occupation of her mind.

other distinctive marks which would probably suggest themselves to any one conversant with mesmerized cases, must surely disprove the possibility of these ecstacies resulting from such influences ; and when we take into account the extreme difficulty, nay impossibility, of any mesmerizer exercising his art so perfectly, and for such a length of time, without discovery, and which will be clear to any one who has assisted at these ecstacies, and who is cognizant of the circumstances by which they are surrounded, the chain of evidence appears complete, and we need not look for any other proofs to establish their distinctive character.

Magnetizers affirm that the will is the principal agent in their system ; if this be so, it may prove that the Almighty only acts in conformity to the laws of nature, when he employs the same means to regulate these ecstacies, when any regulation be necessary. Obedience, too, is the first of virtues, and it seems but a just concurrence with his own principles, that the will of a superior should prove so efficient in its operation.

Even from this circumstance we may draw another argument against the possibility of collusion between her ordinary spiritual director and Maria Mörl, since we have it in evidence, that when the bishop of Trent visited her on the 27th and 28th of October 1834, he found her, when in her ecstasy, as obedient to him as she was to her

confessor.* I have also the positive and specific assurance,—for I put the question most pertinently upon this point in writing, and received a written answer,—from Don Egidio Ciriegi, the

* See *Le Tre Mirabili Vergini viventi nel Tirolo, &c. &c. Milano*, 1840; in which the whole relation is given without the slightest reference to mesmerism, and apparently without any knowledge, on the part of the writer, of that subtle art. I think I may also venture to affirm that Don Egidio Ciriegi is also wholly unconscious of the arcana of magnetism, for he knows neither French nor German, and I question whether there be any work in Italian upon that subject.

It may be worthy of remark that in the case of Domenica Barbagli, none of the same persons (her mother excepted) were present on the Friday evening, whom I had seen in the room on the Thursday morning, and that on both occasions—the mother also excepted—strangers were placed nearer to her than those who were familiar with her, the arch-priest standing behind, and as far removed from Domenica as the room would admit, while *we* were close to her and even touching the bed. The priest who officiates in the chapel—and she cannot be less than thirty feet from the altar—is frequently changed, each priest who comes to visit her, being anxious to celebrate in her presence. Neither are her ecstasies *periodical*; not being regulated by time but by the passages or parts of the mass, and which succeed each other at irregular intervals, the Liturgy of the Mass varying every day. The same observation will apply to the ecstasies on the Friday evening, for though they are as regular as clockwork in their commencement, yet it must be remembered that the Italian hours are perpetually shifting, being regulated by the sun. The room too is frequently thronged with people, this being especially the case with Maria Mörl on the Friday evenings—a circumstance never favourable, and frequently adverse, to mesmeric influences.

arch-priest of Monte Sansavino, and the confessor of Domenica Barbagli, that he has in no wise regulated either the number or the duration of her ecstasies by any order, or even by the expression of any wish on his part. They are altogether spontaneous. Those of Maria Mörl bear the same character : “ When I was at Caldaro,” says Görres, “ she was requested to stand godmother to a young infant ; she received it into her arms with manifestations of great joy, and took the most lively interest in the whole ceremony ; but during its progress, she fell several times into ecstasy, and it was necessary as often to recall her to herself.” These frequent and sudden alternations assuredly could not be under a state of mesmerism.

But to attempt to reduce everything, however miraculous it may be, to this principle,—that is, that the Almighty never deviates from the laws of nature, for the purpose of effecting what are usually styled supernatural manifestations of his power,—seems at variance with a multitude of facts recorded in Sacred History. Take for example the first miracle on record,—the rod of Moses turned into a serpent, and the serpent again turned into a rod.

It certainly may frequently please the Almighty, the creator and lord of all things, and who is himself greater and mightier still than all his works, to employ only natural means to bring about that which, to our circumscribed senses, appears to be

far beyond, if not contrary to, the ordinary laws of nature : and this position is, I think, infinitely strengthened by the wonderful effects which we see daily produced by mesmerism. Thus it may have pleased God to create man, so that if he arrived, through the instrumentality of His divine grace be it understood, to a certain elevated point in religious or spiritual contemplation, that the ecstatic trance should supervene as the reward of so exalted a devotion. But the difference between the spiritual ecstasies of such persons, and the artificial reveries produced by mesmerizers, are as distinct as the effects produced by Moses through the divine attributes conferred upon him, and the mimic performances of the magicians under the influence of Satan. They can arrive at a certain point, but that point they cannot pass. They can no more imitate the spontaneous ecstasies of the servants of God, than could the magicians rival in all things the divine power entrusted to Moses for the salvation of Israel. When discomfited, the magicians frankly acknowledged their impotency, while they honestly ascribed the *real* miracle to the finger of God. (Exod. viii. 19). “ Thus (says the commentator on this passage) the magicians here confess that Moses is something more than themselves. Thus God interferes whenever a contest of miracles, real or apparent, might lead any sincere seeker astray. He caused the priests of Baal to be confounded (3 Kings xix); and Simon Magus flying

in the air was hurled down at the prayer of St. Peter (Hegesip.) ; Cyrola, the Arian patriarch, attempting to deceive the people, by giving sight to a man whom he bribed to feign himself blind ; and Calvin, who wished to have the honour of raising a man to life, at Geneva, by the like imposition, were both deservedly covered with confusion ; while of those unhappy men who joined in the collusion, one lost his sight, and the other his life.”—(Douay Bible).

Counterfeit miracles may be attempted, and the evil spirit may be permitted, as a means of confirming his deluded followers in their delusion, to deceive many by mysterious and incomprehensible prodigies ; but if a fictitious miracle should ever be wrought capable of misleading even the elect, *if that were possible*,* it is quite certain that other miracles had been or would be achieved sufficient to overrule them, like Aaron’s rod which devoured the rods of the magicians ; or like the demoniacal feat of Simon Magus which was overcome by the united prayers of St. Peter and St. Paul. As the Scriptures are an evidence and corroboration of the Truths of Revelation, and the Revelations of God are proofs of the authenticity and inspiration of Scripture ; so while miracles attest the verity of doctrinal propositions, well-established points of faith may be adduced as a criterion of the reality of miracles. For truth can never be in contra-

* St. Mark xiii. 22.

diction to itself, and what has been once established must stand for ever.

There are other tests by which the Church is in the habit of trying the nature of the agency under which supernatural effects are produced, and which are peculiarly applicable to these particular cases: 1st; whether the persons who are the subjects of them act with the knowledge, and under the direction of their spiritual superiors. 2ndly; Whether they appear to increase their humility, piety, obedience and other virtues, and are accompanied by an ardent desire of suffering for the sake of Christ. 3rdly; Whether the circumstances of the case tend to piety and edification in others. 4thly; Whether they are in accordance with the faith and spirit of the Church.

To the Church ultimately belongs the decision—but till she pronounces,—and which is not very frequently the case, never I believe during the lifetime of the parties—it is left to each individual to adopt what opinion seems to him the more conformable to the evidence upon which it is presented to him. And this is all I pretend to do.

That these persons are all three in a condition (physical as well as moral) wholly supernatural—that they are under the influence of principles unknown to science—and that the development of those principles, as exhibited to us in the singular circumstances attending them, has no parallel in nature or in art, is, I think, a proposition fully and satisfactorily established.

What is achieved by science, however incomprehensible it may be, is readily believed, and eagerly taught, notwithstanding the impossibility of explaining it; and, in the absence of explanation, the fact alone is taken as a sufficient voucher for its truth. But if evidence the most indisputable be offered in attestation of the existence of a spiritual or supernatural agency, it is at once rejected as the idle dream of a superstitious spirit. Yet it has ever appeared to me, that, in such cases, it requires a greater stretch of credulity to disbelieve than to believe : because if we believe, we are only acting in accordance with the laws by which all facts are presented to us for acceptance ; whereas if we disbelieve, we are believing in a system of deceit and imposture of which there is no evidence whatever. We might indeed as well reject the fact of the recent conversion of M. Ratisboune at Rome, and the means by which it was accomplished, as a fraudulent invention, or a vain imagination, as question the truth of circumstances so well-established as these.*

* See an account of the recent conversion at Rome, of Alphonso Ratisboune, by the Baron de Bussière, 1842. Dolman, 61, New Bond-street. Also an account of the same, written by himself.

Alton Towers, Feast of St. Dominic, 1842.

APPENDIX.

As it appears to me that this narrative would be incomplete, because incapable of being justly appreciated, without more distinct ideas upon the doctrine of the Mass than are generally entertained by those who differ from us on religious questions, I have deemed it advisable to draw the attention of the reader to that point. I shall, however, content myself by citing a few passages from White, who was himself a member, and even a minister, of the Church of England ; but who giving himself, with an humble and sincere heart, to the study of the controversy which then existed, and still unfortunately exists, upon these matters, became a convert to the ancient faith, and printed the result of his labours at Louvain in 1661, and which have lately been rendered into English, and published by Dolman.*

For the still better understanding of the question, I shall preface them with the definition of the Mass from the Council of Trent :

“Because under the former testament,” says the Council, “as the apostle Paul witnesses (Heb. vii. 9, 10), on

* Dolman, 61, New Bond Street ; 1841.

account of the weakness of the Levitical priesthood, there was no consummation, it became necessary—God so ordaining it—that another priest according to the order of Melchisedec should arise, our Lord Jesus Christ, who might be able to consummate all that were to be sanctified, and perfect them. Wherefore, this our Lord and God, although he was about to offer himself once on the altar of the cross to his Father, that on it he might operate our eternal redemption; yet because by death his priesthood was not to cease, he, at his last supper, the same night in which he was betrayed (1 Cor. xi.), that he might leave to his Church a visible sacrifice, such as the nature of man requires, by which the bloody sacrifice, once to be completed on the cross, might be represented, and its memory might continue to the end of time, and its salutary virtue be applied to the remission of those sins which we daily commit,—declaring himself to be the appointed priest for ever, according to the order of Melchisedec; he offered to his Father his body and blood, under the appearance of bread and wine; and under those appearances delivered the same to his apostles, whom at the time he appointed the priests of the New Testament. To them and to their successors in the priesthood he gave command to offer the same, saying: *Do this for a commemoration of me.* (Luke xxii.) So the Catholic Church has always understood and taught. This is the clean offering which the prophet Malachy foretold should be offered in every place. This the offering which was prefigured by the various typical sacrifices of the law and of nature, comprising whatever good things they signified, consummating and perfecting all.”—

Sess. xxii. chap. i. p. 189. “And because in this divine sacrifice which is performed in the mass, the same Christ is contained and offered, in an unbloody manner, who on the altar of the cross offered himself in a bloody manner,—the holy Synod teaches that this sacrifice is truly propitiatory, and that by it, to the sincerely penitent, the sins we commit, however enormous they be, are remitted. For it is one and the same victim; the same Christ now offering himself by the ministry of the priest, who offered himself on the cross: the difference being only in the manner of offering. By this offering, then, the fruits of that bloody offering are most plentifully received; so far is it from truth, that hereby the least part is derogated from it. Wherefore, according to apostolical tradition, the mass is duly offered, not only for the benefit of the living, but also for those who, though dead in Christ, are not fully cleansed from all defilement.”—*Ibid. c. ii. p. 191.*

“St. Irenæus,” says White, “*who flourished soon after the apostles*, having first proved the sacrifice of the mass from the words used by the Lord on instituting it, thus interprets the Scriptural passage above quoted: ‘The Lord, on counselling his disciples to offer unto God the first fruits of his creatures—not as if He stood in need of them, but in order that they (the disciples) may not be unprofitable or ungrateful—took bread, and gave thanks, saying, ‘THIS IS MY BODY.’ And the cup in like manner he declared to be his BLOOD, and taught the doctrine of the new oblation of the New Testament, which the Church receiving from the Apostles offers unto God throughout the whole world. She offers unto Him who supplies us with

food, the first-fruits of his own gifts in the New Testament, which Malachias, one of the twelve prophets, foretold in these words: ‘I have no pleasure in you, saith the omnipotent Lord, and I will not accept sacrifice from your hands. For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down, my name is glorified among the Gentiles, and in every place incense is offered to my name, and a PURE SACRIFICE; for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the omnipotent Lord.’* The prophet manifestly shows by these words that the ancient people (the Jews) shall cease their offerings to God, and that in every place the PURE SACRIFICE of God shall be offered, and his name glorified among the Gentiles.† And St. Justin Martyr, in his dialogue with Tryphon, understands this passage in the same sense. ‘God,’ saith he, ‘accepts sacrifice from none, except his own priests. Wherefore God, showing preference to the only sacrifice to be offered in his name—namely, the eucharist of bread and the chalice—instituted by Jesus Christ, and now celebrated by Christians all over the earth, testifies that it is pleasing and acceptable to him. But the sacrifices offered by you and your priests he rejects and angrily censures in these words: ‘I will not accept your sacrifices from your hands; for from the rising of the sun even to the going down, my name is glorified among the Gentiles; but ye profane it.’”‡ These are the words of Justin Martyr.§

* Malachias i. 10, 11.

† *Iren. adversus Hæresis*, lib. iv. c. 32, in fine.

‡ Malachias i. 10, 11.

§ *Bibliothec. Patrum*, Justinus Martyr. *Dialog. cum Tryphone Judæo adversus Judæos*.

“ And Augustin, when considering the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, which treats of Abraham and Melchisedech, in like manner says : ‘ Then indeed was Abraham blessed by Melchisedech, of whom many and great things are written in the epistle that is addressed to the Hebrews, which most people ascribe to the apostle Paul, but which others will not admit. For then appeared, for the first time, the sacrifice which is now offered unto God by the whole Christian world ; and long after this sacrifice had been offered by Melchisedech, is completed what the prophet foretold respecting Christ, who was to come in the flesh : ‘ Thou art a priest for ever, according to the order of Melchisedech.’* Not indeed according to the order of Aaron ; for this order was to be abolished, when the things prefigured by those types should have become realized.† Again, speaking of Christ, Augustin says : ‘ In presence therefore of the kingdom of his Father, he changed his countenance,‡ and dismissed him, and he went his way ; for at that time sacrifice was offered according to the order of Aaron, but He afterwards instituted the *sacrifice* of his own body and blood, according to the order of Melchisedech. He therefore changed his countenance in the priesthood, dismissed the Jewish nation, and came to the Gentiles.”§

“ Not,” says White, “ that in the unbloody sacrifice a price is paid, or satisfaction offered for sin, as to the guilt

* Psalm cix. 4.

† August. tom. v. “ De Civitate Dei,” lib. xvi. c. xxii.

‡ Psalm xxxiii. 1 ; and 1 Kings xxi.

§ August. tom. viii. enarrat. in Psal. xxxiii., Concio secunda.

of the offence, and the eternal punishment due thereto ;— for in this sacrifice there is no passion, and the passion was that whereby God the Father was pleased to be satisfied ; but it is offered in order that the passion endured upon the cross may, through the sacrifice of the mass, be applied as the price and plenary satisfaction for our offences, and the punishment due thereto. Whence St. Gregory the Great says : ‘ The sacrifice of the holy altar, offered with tears and a well-disposed mind, contributes in a singular degree to procure our absolution : because He who of himself rose from the dead to die no more, still continues by this oblation to suffer for us in this his own mystery. For as often as we offer to him the sacrifice of his own passion, so often do we renew his passion for the attainment of our absolution.’* And St. Augustin, who flourished before Gregory the Great, again says : ‘ When, therefore, the sacrifice of the altar, or alms-deeds, are offered for all deceased Christians, they are acts of thanksgiving for the very good ; for the imperfect, acts of *propitiation*.’ ”

“ And in addition to the authorities already adduced, St. Chrysostom adds the weight of his testimony : ‘ When under the Old Testament,’ says Chrysostom, ‘ men were more imperfect, God was pleased to accept that blood which they used to offer to idols, in order that he may avert man from the worship of them, which was also a token of his inexpressible love. But now he has prepared a much more admirable and magnificent SACRIFICE ; and

* Gregor. lib. xl. Homil. de diversis lectionibus Evangelii, homil. 37.

changing the victim, has ordered that HIMSELF shall be offered in place of the brute animals.*

Again Chrysostom says: "I mean to add something truly astounding: but be not amazed or troubled. Well, what is it? The sacred oblation, whether offered by Peter, or Paul, or any other priest, it matters not what be his merit, is the same which Christ himself gave to his disciples, and which the priests of the present day also produce. Our offering is nothing inferior to his. Why so? Because it is not man that sanctifies it, but Christ himself, who in the first instance also was the consecrator. For as the words which Christ spoke are the very same as those which the priest now pronounces, so in like manner is the oblation also the same."† Finally, in the liturgy of Chrysostom the priest prays as follows: "No man engaged in carnal desires and pleasures is worthy to approach or minister unto THEE, O King of glory! For to minister unto THEE is a great and tremendous thing, and should be dreaded even by those endowed with more than celestial virtues. Yet, because of thy unbounded and ineffable benignity, thou hast unhesitatingly and irrevocably become man and our High Priest. Thou, as the Lord of Creation, hast instituted the rite of sacrifices, and committed to us the celebration of this solemn and immaculate *sacrifice*." And a little further on Chrysostom says, "Therefore I beseech Thee, who alone art good and merciful, to look upon me a sinner, and thy ancient‡ servant, and purify my

* Chrysostom. tom. iv. comment. in 1 Cor. c. 10, homil. 24.

† Chrysost. tom. iv. comment. in 2 Tim. c. i, homil. 2.

‡ "Thy *ancient* servant." It appears to us that in

soul and heart from wicked thoughts ; and, by the grace of thy priesthood, render me, who am endowed with the virtue of thy Holy Spirit, fit to assist at thy sacred altar, and consecrate thy holy and immaculate *body* and precious *blood*. For to thee do I approach with humble and submissive neck, beseeching thee not to turn thy face from me, nor cast me out from amongst thy children : but that thou wouldst suffer these gifts to be offered to **THEE** by me a sinner, and thy unworthy servant. For it is thou who *offerest and art offered, who acceptest and bestowest*, O Christ, our God.”*

In like manner, St. Ambrose, in his enarration on the thirty-eighth Psalm, says, “ We have seen the **PRINCE OF PRIESTS** coming to us : we have seen him offering his blood for us. Let us priests, as we possess the power, imitate Him, and offer sacrifice for the people. Though we may be weak in merit, yet we are honourable in sacrifice ; for although Christ is not now *seen* to make the offering, yet He himself is offered on earth, *as the body of Christ is the victim*. Nay, it is manifest that *He* whose words sanctify the sacrifice that is offered, doth himself make the offering in us.”† And again, in his first prayer preparatory to the Mass we read these words : “ For, O Lord Jesus Christ, with what contrition of heart, with what a fountain of tears, with what reverence and holy awe, what chastity of

copying the original manuscript of Chrysostom, the word ἀρχαῖον has been accidentally substituted for ἀρχαῖον, which means *unprofitable*, and which seems to be the more correct reading.

* Chrysostomi Missa, tom. v.

† Ambros, tom. iv, enarrat. in psalm xxxviii.

body and purity of mind, should we celebrate this divine and heavenly *sacrifice*, wherein thy FLESH is verily and really received, wherein thy BLOOD is verily and really drunk; where the highest things are joined with the lowest, where the holy angels are present, and where, after a wonderful and inexpressible manner, Thou art constituted both the Priest and the Sacrifice! Who can worthily celebrate this sacrifice, unless Thou, O omnipotent God, shalt render worthy him who offers it?" And immediately after, *Basil* says: "For I, mindful, O Lord, of thy venerable passion, approach thy altar, though a sinner, in order that I may offer to thee the *sacrifice* which thou hast instituted, and which thou hast commanded to be offered, in order to commemorate our redemption. Accept it therefore, I beseech thee, O most high God, O most sweet Jesus Christ, for the benefit of thy holy Church, and in behalf of all thy people, whom thou hast purchased with thy precious blood!" &c.* In fine, the council of Trent also defines this to be the sense of the foregoing words of scripture, and justly punishes with anathema those who teach that there is not offered unto God in the Mass a true and proper *sacrifice*."†

And that we may know that St. Augustin, whose authority is so highly and so justly estimated in the Church of England, is speaking of the daily private Masses, we have only to cite the following:—

"St. Augustin, in the ninth book of his confessions,

* Ambros. tom. iv, *Precatio prima præparans ad Missam*.

† Concil. Tridentin. sess. xxii, *Doctrina de sacrificio Missæ*, c. i, et can. 1, 2.

giving an account of the obsequies of his mother Monica, tells us that the sacrifice of the Mass, which he calls the ‘Sacrifice of *our redemption*,’ was offered for her—and in the thirteenth chapter of the same book he adds: ‘For when the day of her dissolution was at hand, she occupied not her thoughts about the sumptuous covering or embalming of her body; neither did she desire a monument of a singular description, or feel any anxiety to be deposited in her paternal sepulchre. Concerning such things as these, she gave us no commands; but she was anxiously and ardently desirous—and of this alone was she desirous—that remembrance of her should be made at thy altar, *where she had attended without one day’s intermission*; knowing that from the altar is dispensed the holy victim, by which the hand-writing that stood against us hath been cancelled,’ &c. The object, also, for which Monica sought that she should be remembered at the altar, is perfectly evident from the prayer composed on the occasion by her son Augustin, which is partly as follows: ‘O my praise and my life! O thou the God of my heart! setting aside for awhile her good deeds for which I joyfully render thee thanks, I now entreat of thee forgiveness of the sins of my mother: hear me, I beseech thee, through Him who hath healed our wounds—who hath hung upon the tree, and who now sitting at thy right hand, maketh intercession with thee for us. I know that she passed her days in doing works of mercy, and forgave from her heart those that trespassed against her: do thou in like manner forgive her her trespasses, if she hath committed any during the many years that she lived after her baptism. Forgive

them, O Lord! forgive them, I beseech thee—and enter not with her into judgment,’ &c.* And a little further on, Augustin again says: ‘Inspire thou O Lord my God! inspire thy servants, my brethren — thy children, my masters, whom I serve with my voice, and my heart, and by my writings, that as many as shall read these words may, at thy altar, make remembrance of thy handmaid Monica and of Patricius, formerly her husband,’ &c.* Such are the devout words and prayers of the great Augustin.

“ And St. Chrysostom in one of his homilies to the people of Antioch, says;—‘ It was not unadvisedly ORDAINED BY THE APOSTLES, that commemoration should be made of the dead, in celebrating the tremendous mysteries. Because they knew that much gain and much advantage would arise to them therefrom: for when the entire people stand with uplifted hands, when the priest comes forth in the plenitude of his functions, and when the tremendous sacrifice is offered, how is it possible that our prayers can fail of propitiating God in their behalf?’† These are the words of Chrysostom. St. Cyril of Jerusalem also, when describing part of the canon of the Mass, says:— ‘ Then, we pray for the deceased holy fathers and bishops; and, in short, for all who are departed this life in our communion —believing that by the supplication of this holy and tremendous sacrifice which is placed upon the altar, the souls for which it is offered receive the greatest relief.’ And after adducing examples, whereby to illustrate the custom of the

* August. tom. i. lib. 9. Confess. c. 12, 13.

† Chrysost. tom. v. Homil. 69, ad populum Antiochen.

Church, he immediately subjoins: ‘ After the same manner, we also invoke God on the part of the deceased, although they were sinners; not indeed by weaving for him a crown, but by offering unto him Christ who was slain for our sins, that he, who is infinite in his bounty, may be rendered propitious both to us and to them.’ ”*

“ St. Ambrose thus expresses himself in his preparation before Mass:—‘ I humbly entreat thy clemency, O Lord, that the fulness of thy Divinity may descend on this bread and on this chalice. Grant likewise, O Lord, that, as the invisible form, and incomprehensible majesty of thy Holy Spirit, in times past, descended on the victims of the fathers—so may it now descend on our oblations, and convert them into thy BODY AND BLOOD. Grant also that I thy unworthy priest be taught so to handle this so great mystery, as that thou wouldst in thy divine mercy deign to accept the *sacrifice* from my hands, for the salvation of all, both living and dead.†’ ”

With what consistency then is it that Dr. Pusey defers to the opinions of the fathers, as witnesses of the doctrines of the Ancient Church, and yet rejects such evidence as this, more especially the evidence of St. Augustin, who is quoted as a strong and sufficient witness even in the

* White’s Confutation of Church of Englandism.

Whoever may desire to see further evidence of the doctrine of antiquity on these points, compressed within a small compass, as well as extracts from all the ancient Liturgies, may find them in “ The Faith of Catholics of the five first Centuries.”

† Bibliothec. Patrum, tom. iv. Cyrill. catechesi mystagog. v.

articles themselves? Upon what principle is it that Dr. Pusey admits the first six, and rejects the seventh ecumenical council? What right has he, or the Church to which he belongs, to bar the privileges of any general council, because it has not been accepted by him or her? The council of Trent, for example, is not admitted to the rank of an ecumenical council, though composed of the greatest number of bishops ever collected together, representing the Churches of the East and of the West, sitting at intervals during a period of eighteen years, and under five successive popes,—because it suited the *political* views of the times, that one small, isolated section of the Church should reject it,—a section which had, in the first instance, cut itself off from the centre of unity, and the great community of the faithful, and which, as a necessary consequence of her schism, had been in her turn denounced and rejected by them. According to this doctrine of theirs, the whole Church of God is to succumb to any one rebellious province, which, in its caprice or impiety, may choose to raise the standard against her. This is indeed reversing the order of things, making the inferior above the superior, the particular above the general, the weaker principle lording it over the stronger. It is throwing the question back to where it was eighteen hundred years ago, when Pilate put this remarkable question to our Saviour,—“What is truth?” For if truth be not that which hath been revealed by God, and proposed to our acceptance by his Church, we are precisely at the point from which we started, and Christians must be still asking and seeking for the truth, when they ought long since to have been

believing and practising it. And how does the voice of God reach us but through his Church,—“the pillar and the ground of the truth?” (1 Tim. iii. 15.) “And Jesus coming, spoke to them (his disciples) saying: all power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.” (St. Matt. xxviii. 18, 19, 20.) But this right of protesting, on the part of the inferior; this picking and choosing among councils by dint of private judgment, is making void the promises of Christ, and altogether divesting the Church of her authority to teach; for it is clear that henceforth the possibility of a general council no longer exists, since there must ever be some schismatical Church or other to protest against it; though Dr. Pusey reconciles himself to this dilemma, by still flattering himself with the *hope* that the *whole* Church,—in his acceptation of that term, that is, all the heterogeneous, and separated,—and separated, because they were antagonist,—Churches in the world (as if the very fact of their separation were not a judgment against them, a violation of the eternal covenant of God, obliterating every mark of truth, and utterly obscuring that which ought to shine as a light to the whole world), — *may* again be visibly united in one fold, and “that God would inspire His universal Church with the spirit of truth, unity, and concord.”* If, however, we look around us at the present aspect of things, and take into account the

* Letter to the Rev. Dr. Jelf, p. 184.

obstinacy and perversity of our nature, as well as the punishment due to our manifold sins and lengthened infidelity, it requires but little foresight to predict that the end of all may come ere this consummation arrive which he so devoutly desires; since, in the meanwhile, the evil is abandoned to its own devices, schism creating schism, and heresy multiplying heresy; because the only method which reason or revelation hath ordained as a prevention or a cure, is systematically denounced, or contemptuously rejected. For what will it avail either to faith or sanctity, to unity or Catholicity,—all essential marks of truth,—or towards extricating us from our perplexities, for Mr. Newman to assert, that general councils may not err, IF “in any case it is promised, as a matter of express supernatural privilege, that they *shall not* err? . . . that such a promise *does* exist, in cases when general councils are not only gathered together according to “the commandment and will of princes,” but *in the name of* CHRIST, according to our LORD’s promise? . . . that “while councils are a thing of earth, their infallibility of course is not guaranteed;” but that “when they are a thing of heaven, their deliberations are over-ruled, and their decrees authoritative?” . . . and that, “in such cases they are *Catholic* councils; . . . and that the HOMILIES recognise four, OR EVEN SIX, as bearing this character?”*

What will all this avail towards the settlement of that great cardinal point, upon which the whole truth of revelation turns, and which alone can solve the question of Pilate, “What is truth?” As long as we are to continue disputing whether the seventh were or were not a general

* Tract 90, page 21.

council as well as the sixth, and whether it were the great ecumenical Council of Trent, gathered together both by the will of almost all the great princes in the world, and in the name of Christ,—sitting for eighteen years, and composed of numberless bishops, the representatives of the whole Christian community, with the Vicar of Christ, the supreme head of the universal Church, as the corner-stone of the edifice;—whether it were this great gathering of all that was venerable in Christianity,—of the priests and pastors of the faithful, of bishops and doctors, prelates and patriarchs, equally illustrious for learning as for station,—of all who were legitimately appointed to rule the Church of God,—that should command our confidence, and to which the “supernatural privilege” was attached? or whether its cotemporary and rival, the schismatical convention of a rebellious province of that Church, assembled by the will of one solitary excommunicated sovereign, whose decrees have been rejected by every other Church in Christendom, and were of no value even for her own, unless accepted and promulgated by the secular authorities of the state, thus making it a thing of Cæsar’s, and not of God’s,—were to carry off the palm, and to be that “thing of heaven” whose “deliberations were overruled (by the spirit of God) and whose decrees were authoritative—an ecumenical council, and SOMETHING MORE;” as long as this is to be a paradox to exercise the ingenuity of the learned as perplexingly as it did three hundred years ago, is it not throwing back the question to the hall of Pilate,—tearing asunder the whole frame-work of Christianity, and annihilating the kingdom of God upon earth? Till Mr. Newman and the Homilies, therefore, can esta-

blish some better claim to this “express supernatural privilege” of solving the question, “What is Truth?” than they have hitherto been able to produce, I think we are rather safer in entrusting that power to that authority which has alone ever exercised it with effect, and where one hundred and fifty millions of BELIEVING Christians still hold it to rest. Our Saviour would not answer Pilate, because Pilate would not have believed him if he had; and let *them* be careful who have not yet received a satisfactory reply to the question, lest they, like Pilate, are only blinded by their obduracy or their sins. “He that heareth you,” said Christ to the apostles, “heareth me; he that despiseth you, despiseth me.” As the question now stands, it is OXFORD *against* TRENT—NEWMAN *against* CHRISTENDOM. Who can hesitate between such odds?

When the Convocation met by order of Elizabeth, on the 27th of January 1559, it was opened with a High Mass, according to ancient custom, and soon afterwards presented to the House of Lords—then occupied in passing an Act for the re-establishment of the Royal Supremacy and the restoration of the Book of Common Prayer, &c.—“a declaration of its belief in the Real Presence, Transubstantiation, the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the Supremacy of the Pope; with a protestation, that to decide on Doctrine, Sacraments, and Discipline, belonged not to any lay assembly, but to the lawful pastors of the Church. Both universities subscribed the confession of the Convocation: and the bishops unanimously seized every opportunity to speak and to vote against the measure.”* The Bill,

* Lingard.

however, was passed by a majority of THREE, and became the law of the land. But when the oath of supremacy was tendered to the bishops, "all, with the exception of Kitchen of Landaff, sacrificed their situations and their liberty to the dictates of their conscience, and the example was copied by the majority of the dignified clergy, and the chief members of the universities." The Convocation, however, of 1562-3, was composed of men of a very different stamp: they readily received the doctrines of the Parliament, and passed them as the doctrines of the Church, that the reformers, says Heylin, might "have a *constant rule* among themselves by which all private persons were to frame their judgment."*

These thirty-nine articles, it is true, were in substance only the revival of the forty-two of Edward VI; but these, in their day, had just as little claim to ecclesiastical authority; for though drawn up by a committee of divines under the dictation of Cranmer (who only held and exercised his archiepiscopal office *quamdiu se bene gesserit*) they never were submitted to the Convocation, but derived their validity solely from the proclamation of the king, and the attributes of the royal supremacy. "We would not have our subjects (his majesty had already observed, on the 8th of March 1548) so much to mislike our judgment, so much to mistrust our zeal, as though we either could not discern what were to be done, or would not do all things in due time. God be praised, we know both what, by His word, is meet to be redressed, and have an earnest mind, with all diligence and convenient speed, to set forth the same," &c.†

* Heylin, 350.

† Collier, ii. 246; Dodd, ii. 11.

Upon what grounds then, is it that the Anglican Church can compete with the Roman in authority, or the Convocation of 1563 with the great Ecumenical Councils of Catholicity?

But this is a question so copious in its details, so important in its bearings, and on which so much of the public gaze is so intensely riveted, that it is possible I may be tempted to pursue it at some more convenient season, even in the distant hope of rescuing one single mind from the perplexing confusion to which the present state of the controversy appears to condemn so many: not that there is not already a sufficiency of light—if they will but approach it—to enable all to extricate themselves from the labyrinth, but in the chance of holding that light up to those whom it may not yet have reached, or who will not take the trouble of seeking it.

I am too sensible of the difficulties of the position in which the writers of the Oxford Tracts are placed, and too much alive to the obstacles which they have to surmount, to desire to write one word which by any possibility could be construed into an offensive or uncharitable sense, or not to give them infinite credit for their endeavours “to restore religious earnestness and devotion” throughout the country, or to be unwilling to make every possible allowance for the influences which are at work to counteract them in their pursuit after truth. But this I am sure they are prepared to acknowledge equally with ourselves, that between truth and error there can be no compromise, and that therefore they who do see and hold the truth, can never surrender an iota of it by way of accommodation. However anxiously we are looking forward to the possible,

however distant, prospect of a reconciliation, each must be well aware that there is but one ground upon which we can meet,—the authority of the Church, the doctrines of primitive antiquity, as defined by Trent, and promulgated and received as such; because without authority there can be no doctrine, and the doctrines promulgated by authority are final and irrevocable. We are too much interested in the question to remain mere silent spectators of the conflict; we are called upon to take our part, while it would be childish to suppose that we should ever allow ourselves to be drawn off from the position which belongs to us, by any stratagem or manœuvre, because we know such a step would be fatal to ourselves without being of any advantage to those with whom we are so desirous of forming but one compact body. Once we abandon our principles, we only become involved in the same perplexities with themselves, and only render the confusion general which is now confined to the minority. It is therefore our duty to combat for the truth, rather than by standing aloof to seem indifferent to the great interests which it involves; still less should we appear to acquiesce in the delusions under which so many noble spirits are yet oppressed, or ever cease to pray to God to crown the victory by the manifestation of his will to all. But if the termination of these unhappy troubles, by an authoritative union of the two Churches, be yet in the distance, it is manifestly the duty of individuals, as they come to their convictions, to lose no time in realizing them, remembering that Faith is the gift of God, and once proffered and neglected, may never more be within their reach.

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N O T E

Referring to page 142.

I AM aware that Elizabeth was not only not excommunicated *in form* at the period here alluded to, but that, by the industry of the late respected Mr. Howard of Corby, the harsh and impolitic conduct which Paul IV has been so uniformly represented to have exercised towards her at her accession to the throne, has been clearly proved to be a pure fiction: nor was any formal sentence of excommunication issued against her till 1570. Nevertheless, at the period of which I speak she was virtually and indeed *ipso facto* excommunicated, both as a party to the condemnation by statute of the papal supremacy, and the annexation of it to her own crown, the rejection of the Catholic, and the re-establishment of the Protestant doctrines, the deprivation of the orthodox bishops, and the forcible introduction of others in their stead, the confiscation of conventual property, &c.; and so determined was she to keep no measures with Rome, that she had actually refused admittance into England of two several embassies from the Papal court, projected by Pius IV, the one in 1560, to exhort her to return again within the fold, and the other in 1561, to invite her to send representatives to Trent.*

* See Dodd's Church History, by Tierney.

August 12, 1842.











